

IMPROVEMENT ERA

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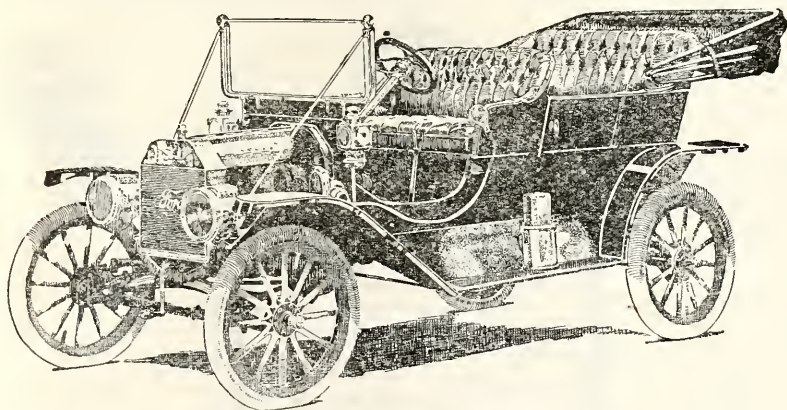
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"We take pleasure in reporting to you that the volumes of the ERA already in the library are frequently consulted, and have proved a very valuable addition to our collection of Church works."—Grace W. Harris, Librarian Carnegie Free Library, Ogden, Utah. April 14, 1910.

N. B. LUNDWALL, a subscriber in Bozeman, Mont., writes, March 19: "I enjoy the articles of the ERA greatly and think the magazine a mighty factor in the true development of the Latter-day work. I especially endorse and admire the editorials by President Joseph F. Smith. I most sincerely wish the ERA a prosperous and vigorous growth.

"While I labored in the city of Norwich, during my two years mission in England, I always kept the ERA in the free reading room in the public library in that city, and it was regarded as one of the high-class contributions to that institution. That was in 1901, and at present, and for a long time past, I have read the IMPROVEMENT ERA."—J. Walter Green, Tremonton, Utah, April 22, '10.

IMPROVEMENT ERA, JUNE, 1910.

JOSEPH F. SMITH,	} Editors	HEBER J. GRANT, Business Manager
EDWARD H. ANDERSON,		MORONI SNOW, Assistant

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IMPROVEMENT ERA.

VOL. XIII.

JUNE, 1910.

No 8.

The Greatest Menace to the Church—the Remedy.*

BY ELDER ANTHONY W. IVINS, OF THE QUORUM OF TWELVE APOSTLES.

“He that putteth his trust in me shall possess the land, and shall inherit my holy mountain, and shall say, Prepare the way, take up the stumbling block out of the way of my people.”

“We believe in God, the Eternal Father, and in his Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost.” This first article of faith of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is fundamental and indispensable to the belief of every Christian man and woman. We believe that without faith it is impossible to please God; that we must believe in him, must believe that he is. We must believe that he has control over our destinies, and that we owe allegiance and service to him; otherwise there would be no desire upon our part to find him out, or learn of his ways. This first article of our faith is accepted by very many people, so far as it applies to faith in our Heavenly Father, who reject the remainder of it. Mohammed taught faith in God, and that doctrine today is the foundation

*Remarks at the General Annual Conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, April 6, 1910.

of the Moslem religion. The Jews believe in the God of Abraham, but neither of these peoples acknowledge Jesus Christ as the Son of God, nor as the Savior of the world. The Latter-day Saints believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ—not that he was simply a reformer, a prophet of his time, one seeking to establish righteousness, but that he is the Son of the living God and the Redeemer of the world.

We believe in the Holy Ghost, who bears record of the Father and the Son, and who leads into all truth.

While we believe that these first doctrines of the Church are fundamental and indispensable, we do not regard them as sufficient to assure exaltation in the presence of our Father in heaven, but that they must be accompanied by works; that we must do the will of the Father, keep the commandments which he has given us, in order that we may be brought back into his presence.

This congregation is made up largely of Latter-day Saints, people who have accepted these first principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ, who have repented of their sins, gone down into the waters of baptism, and have received the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands. You have come up here to the mountains of Ephraim, that you may learn the way of the Lord, that you may learn to walk in his paths. I am sure it is for that purpose that you are here this afternoon, that you may be taught the way of the Lord. This congregation, undoubtedly, represents officially a great majority of the members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The presiding authorities of the Church are here; presidents of stakes are here; high councilors are here; bishops of wards, and men and women who preside over the auxiliary organizations of the Church—all are here this afternoon, that you may learn better the way of the Lord and how to walk in his paths. You are watchmen upon the towers of Zion, and the Lord has said, "Except ye warn the wicked man of his wickedness, and he die in his iniquity, his blood will I require at your hands; but if ye warn the wicked, and he repent not, you have delivered your soul." My brethren and sisters, I understand the Lord to mean by this, that we who profess to follow him, we who have been called to feed the flock of Christ, are to be advocates of righteousness, that we are to teach the word of the Lord

by precept and by example, that we are to make plain that straight and narrow path in which he would have all his children walk; in other words, that we are to remove the stumbling blocks from the way of the Lord, so far as it is in our power to do so. Where the stumbling blocks cannot be removed, they can at least be marked, and their existence may be known, in order that they may be avoided.

I had been wondering what I should say to this congregation, because I thought that, probably, I might be asked to speak to you; and I felt at a loss until a circumstance, which occurred a short time ago, led me to a chain of thought and suggested a subject to which I shall briefly refer. I love to advocate the doctrines of the gospel of Christ, because I believe in them with all my heart. I love to teach the way of redemption, which the Savior of mankind taught, because I know it to be the power of God unto salvation; and I do not believe that there is any other way under heaven by which men and women can be saved; or by which power is given them over the sins of the world, except through obedience to the gospel. I love to speak of and to think of the good that exists in the world. This is a good world which the Lord has given us; there is an abundance of good things in it,—everything, in fact, that we could desire to make us happy, if only utilized as our Father designed that they should be. I feel depressed when I think and talk of evils which exist. To place myself in conflict with existing conditions, when I know that by so doing I may be subject to criticism, that my words may be misinterpreted and misunderstood, to feel that I may be criticised, and that my views may not meet with the approbation of people whom I would desire to please, does not make me happy; it never did make me happy to think of evil, nor to talk about it. Yet, when I see conditions existing in this country—this God-given country of ours—which it seems to me are striking at the very foundations of society, conditions which have resulted in the downfall of nations, in times past, and which must inevitably result in the downfall of nations, or communities, or individuals, wherever they continue,—when it seems to me that these conditions are surely, if slowly, fastening themselves upon this country of ours, I feel constrained to raise my voice in warning to my brethren and sisters against them. I

believe that I fully appreciate the value of care and wisdom in handling all great questions, particularly where questions arise in which men and women may conscientiously differ in their opinion. I have never desired to be an extremist. I have never liked sensationalism. I have never liked offensive partisanship in anything. I do not like it, even in the advocacy of the word of the Lord, because I do not consider it necessary. But those things against which the Lord has spoken, which are fundamentally wrong, those things against which the servants of the Lord have always warned us—to those things, at least, it seems to me, I should feel justified in referring, even at the risk of being misunderstood. I do not expect that my views, nor the views of the Church, are going to be adopted by all people. I recognize the fact that in this country in which we live, majorities rule, and that minorities must be subject to them. This is all right, and I submit to it; but I also submit that majorities are not always right, and while I yield, I may still remain unconverted.

Some little time ago, it was my pleasure to be in a great city, and I rode through its streets with a companion. I admired its beautiful residences; I admired its public buildings; I admired its parks, and the things which men had done to embellish it. As we passed down one of its streets, I saw upon the wall of a dwelling a placard, just a piece of yellow cloth, which had “Small Pox” printed on it. I said to myself, that means that there is someone sick there, and that placard, which has been put there by health officers, is a warning to other people that they should not go into that house during the period that it is infected with this disease; and I said to myself, the people who live there, I suppose, are also restrained from going out. It is their own house; they are unfortunately ill; why should the law lay its hand upon them and prevent them going in and out of their own home, and their friends going to their assistance and going away again?

I then reasoned: it is because the infection that is there may be carried to other people, and they may become sick; and so I concluded that, after all, it was well within the province of the law to take control of that house during the period of infection, and prevent people from either going in or coming out of it. I

knew that after awhile, if the patient recovered, that he would go out clean and without infection, and that neither he nor those with whom he came in contact would be in danger.

We went on and turned into another street, and came to a great building. I saw the door swinging to and fro, just a screen door that was there. I looked in and saw that the room was beautifully embellished. There were mirrors; there was music. I heard the clink of glasses, I heard the laughter of men and women, too, for, as the door swung back and forth, I saw there were women there. My friend said, "That is a saloon; we call it a saloon." Yes, and refreshments were served there, for I saw "Ice Cream" and "Refreshments" marked in great letters over the door; and my companion said, "Just back of it, there in that group of buildings that you see, there are lawless men and abandoned women; and there ribaldry, and license, and intemperance reign supreme." Then my mind reverted back to that other house. On this house there was no placard, nothing on the door to warn people that it was a dangerous place to go; yet, I thought to myself, of the two, the danger to society, the danger of infection, is far greater in this latter place than in the former. Why isn't there some warning there? Why are not people given to understand the dangers of this place? Why are they, upon the contrary, invited into it? Why is this condition legalized and licensed here in this beautiful city?

Then I thought of something else, and I am going to refer to it. I know that I am discussing a delicate question, but I thought of this: only a few days before, I had read, in one of the great magazines of the country, that they had taken the trouble to collect statistics, and that the medical fraternity of the United States had reported to them that seventy-five per cent of all the men in the great cities of this country, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-eight years, were infected with disease that was almost incurable, as the result of their acquaintance with just such places as this to which I have referred—not diseases that can be easily eradicated, but that are handed down to the third and fourth generations of those who forget God and neglect to keep his commandments. I said to myself, the one great evil that menaces this nation today, the one great evil which menaces the Church—

for whatever menaces the nation is a menace to the Church; thank God, these things do not exist in the Church; they are no part of it; they never have been, and if the gospel of Jesus Christ could prevail, there would be no such places in the world—but, I said to myself, the greatest menace to this nation today, and the greatest menace or enemy which the Church of Christ has to combat, is intemperance and sexual sin. I just wanted to say that word to my brethren here this afternoon.

You men who preside over the destinies of this people—isn't it a stumbling block in the path? Every power that Satan can conceive of is exercised in defense of this evil, and all his forces are marshalled to support it, to promote, to protect it. Now, the way to combat these evils, if I were going to suggest a plan, is to follow the policy suggested by Brother McKay. I do not want to advocate offensive measures. I only want to say to my brethren and sisters that that which the law legitimately and properly authorizes you and me to do, that much, at least, we are justified in doing; and, regardless of the law, it becomes our duty, every one of us, to make known to our children, to the children of our brethren and sisters, and to the children of our friends in the world, the existence of this deadly menace, in the hope that they may be persuaded to avoid it. When Rome adhered to her simple life, when the honor of her men and the virtue of her women were above reproach, she became the mistress of the world; but when these things, to which I have referred, gradually fastened themselves upon her, she went into dissolution!

One of the things I was impressed with, when I first went to Mexico, a few years ago, was a very beautiful growth which I observed upon the trees there. It was in the winter that I went there, but as I traveled up those streams I noticed that here and there along the way, there was an occasional tree dotted with green—sometimes only one bunch, sometimes many bunches, all beautiful and green. I examined it, and found it to be mistletoe. It seemed to be rather an embellishment to look at it, but after awhile, as I went further up one of these canyons, one day, I observed a tree that was dying. It was literally covered with mistletoe, this beautiful plant. The fact of the matter was that the plant had fastened itself upon the tree, just as other parasites

fasten themselves upon that which other people create, until it had sapped the last bit of life out of it, and the tree had died. This shrub does not grow from the earth, as other plants do; it does not struggle for existence, as God seems to have designed that all good things shall struggle for their existence, from infancy to old age; but it just waits till the tree has grown, till the tree has made the struggle and has become vigorous, and then the first thing you know you will see a bunch of mistletoe sprout out on one of the branches. After awhile it goes to another branch, and then to another, and if left, as I have said, it takes away the life of the tree. Well, I said to myself, it would be better to cut it off, better to remove that single bunch that has appeared—and I made it a practice to do that with my own trees thereafter, and I found that it was an easy matter to keep it down; but if left to itself, if kept there because of its beauty—and it is a thing of beauty—it became a thing of danger.

So, my brethren and sisters, that which God has ordained for the good of man, that which makes men and women happy, that which makes men and women temperate, that which makes men and women virtuous, that which leads men and women to believe in God and Christ, and to serve them—that we cultivate, that we cherish, that we care for. But that which comes into our midst when the tree has become strong, and fastens itself upon us, with no other purpose in the world except to sap our life-blood, better cut it right off; better get rid of it, hadn't we? I think so. So I want to say that any legitimate means which is in your power and mine, we should exercise in the spirit of the gospel of Jesus Christ for the eradication of these things as they exist in the world, and to keep them out of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, that they may have no place in it. God bless you, my brethren and sisters, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

Peoples and Places in the Orient.

BY FRANK J. HEWLETT, DIRECTOR OF THE UTAH STATE FAIR AND
PRESIDENT OF HEWLETT BROS. COMPANY.

IX.—Japan's Great Jubilee—"A-l-o-h-a," "Sayonarra."

July 1, 1909, was a red-letter day in Japan. It marked the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of Yokohama to foreign trade. The occasion was one unanimously chosen by Japanese and foreigners alike as worthy of being celebrated in a triumphal manner.

Fifty years ago the ground upon which Yokohama now stands was occupied by an insignificant fishing village, bearing the name of Yokohamamura. It was not very long after its opening, in 1859, that the tide of emigration, both native and foreign, set in with a rush. Commerce and industry developed with almost phenomenal rapidity. Equally remarkable progress was achieved in many other branches of public activity, with the result that the little fishing village has been transformed into one of the leading commercial and shipping centers of the Orient. From a cipher the foreign trade of the port has grown to a total of three hundred and sixty million yen—cut the figure in two, you have dollars—a year, according to the latest returns, and its population is slightly over four hundred thousand souls. The Japanese and foreigners, Americans predominating, worked like Trojans together for this celebration. The result was that nothing quite so elaborate was ever seen in Yokohama before.

The decorations alone cost fifty-two thousand dollars. The buildings throughout the city were gorgeously decorated with flags, lanterns, bunting and electric lights. There was a perfect system attached to it that was wonderful. The little brown archi-

fects planned the decorations for the main streets as carefully as if they were planning a permanent structure. On one of the most prosperous business streets, the Benten-Dori, they had arranged on both sides trellises of bamboo, on which were hung bunches of imitation wisteria, and at regular intervals were suspended large lanterns under miniature temples, each lantern gaily decorated with the new coat-of-arms of the city, and the fiftieth anniversary jubilee characters. Above all was an umbrella-like spray of paper objects in colors, and the effect, especially at night, was most charming. Electric lights, sparkling like glistening stars in the trees, was a novel idea, and with an immense painting, depicting Yokohama in 1859 and 1909, you may just imagine it was all worth seeing. And people!—you might well call it one stupendous conference. Tokyo is only eighteen miles away; out of her millions of people she sent her full quota, and with other towns and villages pouring their hosts in, the narrow streets became almost impassable. Vehicles were barred from the principal thoroughfares during the afternoon. Even the “rikisha” was not allowed, but as soon as the police had the first opportunity to make an opening for the foreigners they invariably did so.

The Japanese do not have one immense procession, as in our country, but it was divided, as near as we could judge, into about one hundred of them, which gave the people in different parts of the city an equal chance to see one of them, at least. But to describe a Japanese procession would tax the wits of any American.

They are generally headed by a float, on which is represented a *daimyo*, or to be plain, one of the old war-lords in traveling regalia, composed first of his bearers, carrying long poles, at the tops of which were long bunches of feathers, and in some cases wool; then, the carriers, bearing lacquer boxes, which contained his wardrobe, armor, swords, arrows and bows, etc. He, himself, was borne in a palanquin of gorgeous workmanship, and followed by an officer of his court, the whole making an imposing display. The music was the poorest feature of the parades. The bands generally consisted of five musicians, four beating drums, and a leader playing the flute. Take an ordinary beer-keg, knock out the two ends, then cover with a tough piece of hide, and you have

a typical Japanese drum. After the band followed a stuffed elephant, then a score or more of children, drawing a tall figure in full uniform, which was really an awful caricature. On many of the corners were erected platforms, high enough so that you could see the *geisha* girls dance, while others were devoted, for the time being, to theatrical performances. They were weird plays, mostly representing old feudal times, the long sword playing an important part. The native people seem to enjoy it, so no one else had any cause for complaint.



Photo by F. J. Hewlett.

YOKOHAMA JUBILEE DAY.

Scene on the Houchi-Dori. Head of of the main procession, July 1, 1909.

We visited an interesting exhibition held in Memorial Hall. It was instructive, and reflected the conditions existing at the eventful period of inception, of relics and souvenirs of the time, and by illustrations and works, both from the Japanese and foreign standpoint. The articles in the exhibition were divided into two sec-

tions, one representing the period prior to, and including the opening of the port, while the other represented the changes immediately following. In the Japanese picture we saw the foreigners eating with knives and forks, and their behavior in the tea-houses—well, the caricatures were “awfully funny.” The American magazines had illustrations of the first Japanese embassy in Washington, at Willard’s hotel, sitting *a la* Japanese, playing a game similar to chess, while the photographs illustrated the more serious side, including one of Prince Ito while abroad. Relics of Commodore Perry were numerous, including his sword and parts of his costume. The sword was given by Commodore Perry to Mr. Horton, who died and was buried in Yokohama. Other exhibits included steam engines and scales brought by Commodore Perry, a saddle spotted with blood, which was used when Sakuma Shozan was assassinated in Koyoto, in 1864; a proclamation which was

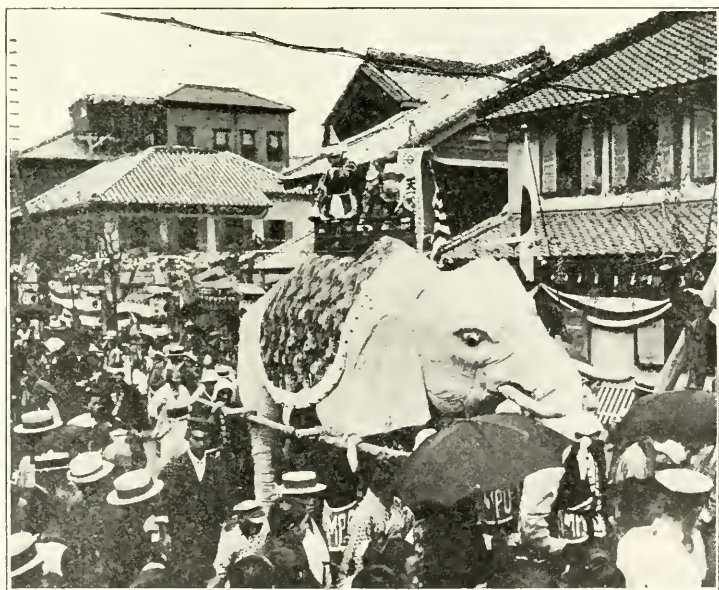


Photo by F. J. Hewlett.

YOKOHAMA JUBILEE DAY.

A Special Parade, July, 1909.

posted in Yokohama by the central government in the early days of the Meiji era, when precautions were necessary to overcome the public sentiment and spirit against foreigners; the first mail box in Yokohama, and its notice-board in English and Japanese; the first paper money in a foreign language issued by the Yokohama bank in the denomination of dollars; watches, clocks, instruments of many kinds, then new to Japan, and first brought into the country at that period; the designs and models of the warships *Kaiyo* and *Nisson*, the nucleus of Japan's modern navy, presented by the Dutch ship-builders. There were many interesting exhibits that portrayed to the Japanese, as well as the visitors, the marvelous strides and accomplishments of the fifty years now closed.

After dark, the floating spectacle on the bay was magnificent. We were unable to count the numerous barges, sampans, sailboats and launches paraded, all beautifully decorated with Japanese lanterns of every color and size. To cap the climax, four of the battleships that were dotted with electric lights, from the top of the masts to the waterline, were lighted each night, as a courtesy to our own United States. The show of fireworks was grand, and on one occasion ended with a masterpiece, "The American Flag."

The Jubilee lasted three days, and was pronounced by all an unqualified success. Thousands of people paced the streets all night. In the morning you would find them sleeping on the benches alongside the bay, sitting on the doorsteps, inside of packing boxes, and, in fact, in every nook and corner available. No one molested them. Though tired out, all were happy, even the little tots being dressed in the gayest of colors. Many had their faces painted, making them appear like little Indians.

Our time in Japan is drawing to a close, the *S. S. Korea*, sister ship to the *Siberia*, is now anchored inside the break-water of Tokyo bay, and her cargo, consisting mainly of tea, silk and rice, are being hoisted aboard. In twenty-four hours we will commence the homeward voyage. In Japan there is a vast amount of detail work in connection with business and with traveling through the empire; at the same time, there is something fascinating about the mingling with a strange people, with stranger customs, and in their own country, but when one understands their ways the task is lighter. One learns their way of conduct-

ing business, studies the climatic conditions, watches the beautiful flowers, dwarfed trees and shrubs. One visits the gilded temples of Tokyo, Kyoto and Nikko, and tries to solve the mysterious rites and ceremonies conducted there. Our thoughts fly fast, as they take us once more through the bamboo groves into the rice fields and tea gardens, the meetings with the elders from our own "dear mountain home," who are promulgating the gospel to this strange



Photo by F. J. Hewlett.

AMERICANS ENJOYING JAPAN'S GREAT JUBILEE.

people. We wander in thought once more through the little villages, and remember the polite bow and the pleasant smile. We sometimes doubt that they are genuine, but it is sufficient for them to know we are guests in the land of the Mikado. They are at least successful in creating a good impression with the foreigners. The longer you remain, the more you realize that Japan unfolds mystery after mystery, and from dawn to dark the gradual fulness of her charms. There is no end to the surprises of Japanese character, and after a foreigner has spent months in the midst of this charming people, he must confess that he enjoys the native simplicity. At the same time, there is a mysterious, invisible barrier which rises between us, a line plainly drawn, which tells us that

the people of the Occident and the people of the Orient can never dwell together as one.

Our voyage on the steamship *Korea*, from Yokohama to San Francisco, take it all together, was a pleasant and interesting one. There were many genial spirits aboard, among them being Amos P. Wilder, United States Consul to Hong-Kong, just transferred to Shanghai; Willard Martin, Consul at Hankow; Alexander Young, the genial host and proprietor of the Alexander Young hotel, the finest in Hawaii; besides many American missionaries, with their families, just returning from several years' work in Japan, China and Korea. We enjoyed their lectures and informal talks very much. The sky was bright with tropical sunshine above, and the blue water beneath us was asleep, as the good steamship, *Korea*, gently churned her way into Honolulu bay, at about eleven o'clock in the morning. The passengers were all dressed to go ashore, but the question with all was, "How long will we be allowed to meander around beautiful Honolulu?"

The first-class passengers, at the sound of the gong, appeared in the dining-room and successfully passed quarantine inspection. After luncheon the purser stated that the *Korea* would not sail until the next day at five o'clock p. m., sharp, and wished us all a delightful time. He also said, among other charming bits of pleasantry, that he would be pleased to take back, free of charge, all the fruits and flowers we could carry aboard. Clapping our hands like school children, all as happy as the many bridal couples aboard, we scampered on deck. The old saying was once more verified, "There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." The Chinese sailors were closing the gangway, the yellow flag was being pulled up the second time, orders were given to move back into quarantine. A Chinese passenger in the steerage had just developed a case of bubonic plague. Notices were posted on board stating that no passengers would be allowed to go ashore, with other instructions added. We were disappointed. So were the good people of Honolulu. Ship-day is one of the red letter events with them. During the night the steerage quarters and all in them were fumigated. When we awoke the next morning the *Korea* was tied to the wharf, but the yellow flag was still at the top of the mast.

The cargo was discharged, the new lot swung aboard and dropped into the hold, and ninety-three of the ninety-five passengers booked for San Francisco appeared at the appointed time, and were allowed to sail with us the remainder of the voyage. Bubonic plague had no terror for them. A surprise awaited us. At four o'clock, one hour before sailing time, the people of Honolulu came to the wharf loaded



Photo by F. J. Hewlett.

Amusing the passengers with the monkeys—Ben and Betsy—on board the *S. S. Korea*.

with carnations and other beautiful flowers made into leis, "wreaths," which they sent aboard. A few moments later every woman was decked with flowers, as were many of the men. The Royal Hawaiian band came on the wharf and played stirring airs, choosing for the last the one that the Hawaiian's love so well, *A-l-o-h-a*, meaning "Love to all," which was followed by the "Star

Spangled Banner," and the last we heard was its patriotic strains, and we saw the good people of Honolulu waving flags and handkerchiefs, throwing flowers, with *A-l-o-h-a*, *A-l-o-h-a*, *A-l-o-h-a*. The scene brought many tears to the eyes of the quarantined passengers of the *Korea*. It was courtesies that ever will be remembered. During the evening the Honolulu passengers, with several natives, assembled in the social hall and sang the sweet songs of Hawaii. Alexander Young gave a short talk on Honolulu and her people, which was well received. A pretty souvenir was presented to each of the passengers on which was engraved only one word, but we all knew what it meant—*A-l-o-h-a*.

A few days later the *Korea* approaches the "Golden Gate," and the old, familiar scenes unfold before us like an immense panorama. We quietly wend our way to the stern of the liner, and as we watch the foaming trail of white mingled with blue, our thoughts fly fast as our minds wander back to the teeming millions of people and the mystic places of interest left behind in

the Orient. We realize that it is no dream, that the people have awakened from the sleep of centuries. What it means is quite beyond the possibility to estimate. Picture an ocean that stretches from the Arctic to the Antarctic. On the one hand border it with the shores of the two Americas, and on the other, assemble the empires of Russia, Japan, Korea, Formosa, the Philippines and India,—and central among all these places, the vast territory of the Chinese empire, with a population numbering nearly one third that of the entire globe. Imagine, too, this mass of people living in exclusion and almost apart from the other people of the world and, in a fashion, quite like that of the ancients of four thousand years ago. Then, suddenly, the gateways to this empire are swung wide open, like the gates to Japan! All nations are welcomed to her ports; the needs of modernization are readily recognized; the wants and demands of over four hundred millions of people who had previously required nothing from beyond their own borders, thereupon become the complex wants and demands concurrent with our western civilization. Already, to fill their needs, through the great artery of Suez is pouring the commerce of Europe, and the trans-Pacific lines are constantly increasing their capacities to accommodate this new trade. Great Britain, France, Germany, the United States, and other wealthy nations, are playing their financial cards to perfection, each in hopes of outwitting the others in securing the lion's share of the gilt-edged Chinese bonds and securities that are being placed on the market, the funds derived therefrom to be used in gigantic enterprises already planned. The high class Chinese are men of honor and integrity. They can also be relied on. They do not say one thing and mean another.

Thus opens the world's greatest commercial drama—a drama which is accompanied by all the elements of the dramatic, of conquest, of the heroic and the romantic. There will be scenes laid at the courts of kings and emperors, and there will be councils where ambassadors of nations will attend; for never before has there been, and it is doubtful one will ever occur again, a commercial situation of such international importance. Compared with the undertakings to be accomplished during this new era, the splendid achievements of the present day will fade into insignifi-

cance. There will rise up new leaders of finance, new captains of industry; new and greater lines of steamships must be built, new railroad systems projected, and put in operation; there must be countless new manufactories, mercantile establishments, banks, telegraph and telephone systems. In fact, every avenue of business must be opened up through the empire, for China has indeed awakened, and she will not be content until she has reared her industries and her institutions to a comparison with those of our own glorious country under the Stars and Stripes.

When China has her great Jubilee, it will be so gigantic and on such a magnificent scale, that all other people and places in the Orient will pale in comparison, and the echoes of it will be heard throughout the entire world. *Sayonarra.*

(THE END OF THIS SERIES OF LETTERS.)

Courage, My Brother.

(*For the Improvement Era.*)

Why grieve o'er the past, my brother?
 The future holds more for thee;
 Why waste thy moments in vain regrets?
 Strive thou, more loyally.

For life is only a span—
 From birth to the 'echoless shore,
 Where the boatman waits so silently,
 With a hand on the ready oar.

O why do you falter, brother,
 And why despair by the way?
 Tho' the way be dark or the path be lone!
 Thy summons may come today.

Are you helping a failing brother?
 Are you shielding a sister from sin?
 Are you giving freely your gold for need?
 Do you strengthen the weak to win?

And to hearts that love you and trust you,
 Are you speaking sweet words today?
 And those who are bowed with the care of years,
 Are you seeking with love to repay?

Onward, more bravely, brother!
 The Savior is calling to thee;
 He is waiting to bring thee safe home again,
 To a land by the shining sea.

And the land just beyond the shadows,
 Is free from all pain or tears;
 So gird on thy armor, my brother,
 And strive through the fleeting years.

GRACE ZENOR ROBERTSON.

PARKER, IDAHO.

Let us Bear up the Cross.

(For the Improvement Era.)

Stand valiant, ye Saints, for the hour is at hand
 When many shall fall though we think that we stand.
 A warning doth sound over Zion aloud
 And a prophecy falls in the voice of the cloud;
 Array for the battle, ye hosts of the Lord,
 Truth perched on your banner, and death on your sword.
 The armies of Satan are marshalled abroad,
 Let us stand for the faith and the kingdom of God.
 Whatever befalls, let us walk in the light,
 Lest we fall by the way in the gulf of the night.
 Whatever befalls, O let not a 'plaint
 Be found in the hand or the heart of a Saint.
 Let us bear up the Cross which our patriot sires
 So valiantly bore from their city of spires,
 When ahead they beheld but the heart of the waste,
 And behind them the smoke of their city effaced;
 Which heroes and prophets, through martyrdom's path,
 Have carried to glory, to fame and to death;
 Which Christ, the Redeemer, through babels of strife,
 Once carried in triumph to death and to life.
 Let me carry the burdens along till I faint,
 With the zeal of a Paul and the heart of a Saint!
 Let me hold to the nations the Cross, while I stand;
 When I fall, let me fall with the Cross in my hand.

THEODORE E. CURTIS.

Thoughts of a Farmer.

BY DR. JOSEPH M. TANNER.

X.—Comparisons—Misfits.

Comparisons are often a pleasing medium through which to convey some striking idea. Comparisons, however, may be often very misleading, and it is sometimes difficult to detect the greatest fallacies when conveyed through contrast or comparison.

Sometime ago I sat in a large educational assembly where I heard a multitude of school teachers applaud a lecturer, who in speaking of the weaknesses of child life declared, by way of comparison, that "a chain is no stronger than its weakest link." Doubtless many of those present thought the comparison, though time-honored, striking and illuminating. Many did not stop to think, perhaps, that a human life is really not a chain of links. The absence of the link principle in human attributes created a suspicion that the comparison might be wrong, because what at first thought might appear a similarity, after all contained no likeness whatever. Comparisons are so frequently used by people in conversation, and by lecturers, that it pays to scrutinize them before accepting them at full value.

When one stops to think, it is quite clear that in human life one attribute or peculiarity may be strengthened or weakened by another. A man may be considered naturally dishonest, and be given to theft, did he not possess religious qualities that restrain him from misappropriating the property of others. The science of phrenology, whatever its accuracy may be, teaches that a strongly developed characteristic in one direction, may be helpful to other characteristics that are weak. We have a very com-

mon example of the idea here sought to be conveyed in the loss of one of the senses. When the sight is gone, the sense of touch answers its purposes to a wonderful extent.

It is clear, then, that these human qualities are not related to one another as links are found in a chain. When a link breaks, it is thrown away and a new one put in its place, or it may be mended by the process of welding. If such were the conditions of the attributes of life, the process of mending human affairs would be quite impossible. Men would be robbed of that which comes through the power of faith or the exercise of repentance. It will be seen that such a comparison is very misleading, because of the great dissimilarity between the links of a chain and the links in a human being—because a human being has no links at all.

What I have in mind is not so much the error contained in such a comparison, as the error that people often make in this world in determining just what a thing is. In the case above referred to, the lecturer, speaking of human weaknesses, looked upon them solely from the standpoint of strength. Now, the human system is a very complex affair, and it is quite possible that what we regard as a weakness is, after all, not a weakness, but a misfit.

Sometime ago it was my duty as a farmer to run a binder in the harvest field for about thirty days. For a long time I was troubled by the elevator chain, which runs around the sprocket wheels at the rear of the machine. The links kept breaking. It is true, they were somewhat worn, and I therefore imagined that the links broke because they were too weak to do their work in elevating the grain. Frequently, however, the chain would fly off and scatter the links in aggravating confusion over the ground. That led me to believe that there was something the matter with the chain, besides the weakness of its links.

I thereupon took a standard link and went over the entire chain, measuring every link by it. To my great surprise, I discovered a link that was larger than any of the rest. Although it was similar to other links in appearance, and not very greatly different in size, it was enough larger to cause the mischief. It was simply a misfit in the sprocket wheel. When I thought of the trouble it had made me for days past, I was very careful to keep

it out of the tool box, lest it should get into the chain again. Its weak links, that had been breaking for a number of days, had put upon them an extraordinary and unnecessary strain under which they broke. After that the weak links in the chain did their work well.

The circumstance reminded me how often it happens in life that the thing we are after is not really the thing we need. All through life we are constantly patching up difficulties, and it not unfrequently happens that we put the patches in the wrong place. Sometimes a little bit of shifting, a change in environments, helpfulness by proper influences, mend the difficulties in child life very easily. What they needed was not strengthening at some point, but adjusting the daily habits of their life to the work they were capable of performing. You can't look into a human being as you look at a chain and mend it in the same way. If you do, the chances are you make a botch of him.

How often it happens in the public life, in Church or State, that men find great difficulty in adjusting themselves to their surroundings. They are misfits, often too small to fit in the cog-wheels of human endeavor. It does not follow that men are too small for the places they occupy. Sometimes they are men of superior abilities and attainments, but lack the power to adjust themselves to the services they are asked to perform. The genius to work harmoniously in the affairs of life is so important to the individual and to society, that its acquirement should be studied and if possible attained. Sometimes the cog-wheels themselves get out of line and need readjusting. That is the work of a master mechanic. It is the work of a genius with power to recognize—a genius that can take upon himself those divine attainments by which things are put in order and made to work in their divinely appointed spheres.

The End of the Rainbow.

BY NEPHI ANDERSON, AUTHOR OF "ADDED UPON," "THE CASTLE
BUILDER," ETC.

I.

Roni Jones came back from the city with a pocketful of money and an additional swagger to his gait. The boys noticed his new suit of clothes and his added importance, as he alighted from the train and sauntered up to the village store, where a half dozen loiterers were seated on the hitching pole, like a row of crows on a fence.

"Hello, boys," said Roni cheerily, "how's everybody?"

"Bully!" "Fine!" "All O K!" came from the boys, one after the other, in the order of their position on the rail. "Got back, eh?" "How's town?"

"Fine! Got top prices for my steers, an' had a dandy time."

"Did you take in the theatres?"

"You bet! one nearly every night. Some fine shows was runnin' this week."

There was room for one more at the end of the pole, so Roni, to be sociable, seated himself with the boys. They looked at his new stiff hat and his patent leather shoes, and then they nudged each other.

"Purty dandy," remarked one, half aloud, as if he did not want Roni to hear; but that young man heard, and with a knowing smile, pushed back his hat from the red mark which it had made across his forehead.

"That's all right, Dave," he replied; "but when a feller's invited out to city society, he's got to dress different from everyday farm clothes."

"So you was invited out, eh?"

"Sure. I stopped with Aunt Lizzy, an' she's acquainted with lots of tony people. There was parties an' sociables a-plenty, an' I come in fur them all."

"Make any mashes?"

"Well, now, Billy, I—I improved my opportunities, I can tell ye."

"Yes, I heard of ye, Rone," shouted the boy on the further end of the line, "how one of them city gals turned your head."

"How! what did ye hear, Dick?"

"What did your show tickets cost ye?" continued Dick, instead of replying to the question. "I'll bet they come mighty high. She wouldn't go to nigger heaven."

Roni jumped from the rail and faced the row of laughing boys. "Oh, that's all right, fellers," he said. "You don't understand. You think that 'cause a girl lives in the city, she's extravagant an' stuck up. That's where you're fooled."

"Rone's a goner!" exclaimed one.

"When's the wedden' to be?" asked another.

"Can she milk?" shouted a third; whereupon a yell of laughter ran along the perch.

"Say, tell us her name?" they began again.

"Is she dark or light?"

"Short or tall?"

"I'll bet she wears eye-glasses—"

"An' gloves up to her elbows?"

Roni scowled a little at them, hardly knowing whether to defend himself or to treat with silent contempt these jokes at his expense.

"Say," broke in a small boy, who stood resting his chin on top of the pole, "do ye wear your best clothes every day in town? Should think ye wouldn't know when Sunday comes."

The crowd suppressed its merriment on the principle that no attention should be paid to a "kid" who "butted in." Those who had sharp knives deliberately whittled their sticks, while there was a moment's silence.

The store door opened, and a girl came out. Seeing the crowd of men and boys, she paused, as if afraid to run the gauntlet of staring eyes and lively tongues. But there was no escape

from the ordeal—and it was always a trial for Jean Roundy to have to push her way through a lot of lounging men. Some of the girls did not mind it, she knew, but she avoided it as often as possible.

As she passed, she was greeted with smiles, grunts and “how do’s” from the boys. Roni lifted his hat to her with awkward grace. She was about as much startled at his looks and action as the crowd was amused. Roni saw his chance to escape, so he stepped alongside of the girl, and with a wave of his hand to the crowd he said:

“So long, boys, better company, ye know; and on the way home, too.”

Jean was his nearest neighbor. He took her basket as a matter of course, something he had not been in the habit of doing, and chatted good-naturedly with her. She had never found it difficult to look the young man squarely in the face, but now she could only glance at him, his looks and actions being so strange.

The sun was just setting, and the poplars cast their shadows away across the yellow stubble of the fields. The cows were bellowing near the bars, and the frogs croaked sleepily from the sedgy, half-filled water ditches. The noise of playing children echoed across the fields, giving the human coloring to the medley of evening sounds.

Jean did not say much as they trudged along, but Roni’s tongue was uncommonly ready. Had he not spent a week in the city! Had he not made himself “safe” with “somebody!” and in the assurance of this safety he was free to talk to any and all the girls of his acquaintance, and especially to Jean. He had avoided, recently, being too free with the girls around home, but now the restraint was no longer needed. He told her of his good luck in disposing of his stock, of his attendance at the theatre, and of his social experiences in the city. “I tell ye,” he remarked, “it does a feller good to shake off the clods once in a while and get acquainted with other than country folks. It kind o’ broadens a feller.”

Jean had been very seldom to the city, and had visited the theatre but once, when she had gone with a crowd of girls up in one of the cheaper seats.

"Oh, I don't object to goin' up there with the boys," he remarked, "but it's lots better further down, where you can see a little more than jest the tops of the actor's heads."

"Yes, I guess so."

"What's been goin' on out here lately? Nothin' very excitin', I guess; never is."

"No," she assented.

"I see that Jim Brown hasn't threshed yet. Nor you either."

"No, not yet."

"We're havin' a long spell of fine weather."

"Yes, we are."

"Say, Jean, don't ye get kinder lonesome out here on the farm all the time?"

Jean had known nothing but the farm and was contented enough. However, she was evidently expected to answer Roni in the affirmative; but she did not reply immediately.

"How's your mother?" he asked.

"Oh, she's well."

"An' gran'mother?"

"She's not so well."

"Too bad. Gettin' old, I guess."

"Huh, huh."

This disconnected conversation was checked by their arrival at Jean's gate. He gave her the basket.

"Thank ye for carryin' it," she said.

"Don't mention it," he replied. "It wasn't very heavy, but I got kinder warm. I wish I had a drink o' buttermilk."

Usually there was plenty of it in her mother's cellar, but she did not invite him to come in and get a drink, as he had expected. She said a simple goodnight, and walked up the path to the house. He stood for an instant looking at her, and then cut cross-lots for home.

Every week Roni Jones went to town to see "his girl." When joked about it, in the rural fashion of his neighbors, he never denied that such was his business in the city. As the town drew him more, the interest in his country neighbors seemed to grow less. His manner, and even his speech, changed somewhat,

it must be admitted, for the better; but his harsher critics said he was "only a clod-hopper aping city ways."

But whatever other faults the young man had, no one could say that he was lazy. His mother's forty-acre farm was among the most productive, made so, mainly, by his own work. Though the house was small and humble, the barn and stack-yards were extensive. If Roni Jones was to bring a city wife to the farm, he would have to do some extensive building. And this work he actually began that fall, after the crops had been harvested. He dug a big hole in the corner lot next to the road, and when the frost made the road easy, he frequently made trips to the mountains for rock. He did not talk much, and his inquisitive neighbors failed to get any definite information regarding his plans.

Just before Christmas, all work on the new house ceased, and Roni Jones was not seen going to or coming from town. He was away from home, and his mother said that he had gone off on a visit. He had arranged with a neighbor to do his chores, and he had told this neighbor that he might be absent all winter. The mother tried not to show her worry, but that was not so easy. The holiday season was danced away in the usual country manner. As far as could be seen, Roni Jones was not missed. Widow Jones spent that long, cold winter alone.

The village loungers, sitting around the stove of the country store, had discussed the young man's case in all its phases, and judgment had been passed on him in the following original terms:

"His city gal's given him the gran' bounce"—

"An' bein' afraid to face us fellers, he's skipped."

"He's had to come down from his high horse."

"He's been jolted purty hard, I guess."

"He's been chasin' a rainbow—"

"An' a rainbow's purty hard to catch."

II.

Roni Jones alighted from the caboose of the freight train, and walked hurriedly down the road towards home. It was the middle of the afternoon, and the farmers were busy in the fields. To avoid staring eyes from the farmhouses, he followed the irrigation canal for some distance, though it made the way longer.

Roni shortly slackened his pace, lingering at times to finger the green willows along the bank.

It was the first week in May, yet that afternoon some belated April showers swept hurriedly over the fields, only to give way again to the blue sky and the warm sun. The first warm pulsation of summer could be felt in the air. The world was aglow with light, and throbbing with life. The spring day touched Roni Jones' sore heart with velvety softness.

How good, thought he, to get home again; to see the unsullied blue of the sky, instead of the blackness of chimney smoke; to smell the sweetness of all things growing, instead of the stench of mills, and mines, and streets; to hear the twitter of birds, the drone and chirp of insects, the soft whisperings of willow tops, instead of the clatter of paved streets, and the roar and rattle that men make when they crowd together into cities. He took long breaths of the air, and how good it was! He had been away nearly six months, but it seemed an age of wear and tear and confusion. His coming out of it all into this big, free, open country, was like being born again into a new world.

Would his mother ever forgive him? He did not care so much what others might say, but he hoped his mother would not be too hard on him. True, he had been somewhat hard on her—but he was going to make it all up to her. He was going home to stay, and behave himself. There would be no more “girl” for him. He had learned his lesson.

Heaps of new earth lay along the canal bank. He wondered who had taken his part in the yearly ditch cleaning. As he neared home, he could see that only a part of his land was planted. The lucern was beautifully green, and there seemed to be about ten acres of growing wheat, but there was yet much to do. He was thankful that he had come back in time to put in some of the crops, at least. For him there would be no more loafing at the store, or wasting of precious time going back and forth to and from town.

Roni left the canal bank and followed his own ditch down to the farm. The sky clouded over again, and the rain came down hard. He hastened his steps until he came to the corner of his potato field, where, in a clump of willows, there was a shelter of boards. He dodged under the bushes to the cover, but as he did

so, he heard a scream of fright, and came nearly running into Jean Roundy, who was standing under the cover.

"Halloo, Jean," he said. "Sorry I scared you so." He went up to her and they shook hands. "What are you doin' here?" he enquired.

Jean's color flew back to her face, which was now red with confusion. She backed away from him, looking down on the ground and then up at the sky. "I came here to get out of the rain—gracious, ye scared me! When'd ye get back?"

"Jes' now. This rain is fine fur the crops, isn't it?"

"I guess so."

"What ye doin' with a hoe, Jean? you turned farmer?"

"Allus been a farmer."

"Well, I mean you hain't always worked in the fields?"

"No."

"An' you're some ways from your land."

"Oh, I live with grandma—that is, until she died."

"Is she dead?"

"Yes; died last month."

"I never heard of it. An' so you stayed with her till she died. You must see mother quite often, then. How is she?"

"Purty well, considerin'."

"Considerin' what? But I ought to know—yes, I do know."

Jean was uneasy. She looked out over the fields, wet with rain, and then at the sky again. "The rain hain't bad now, so I guess I'll go," she remarked.

"It's rainin' mighty hard yet, an' you'll get wet if ye go out in it. Here, sit down a little while, I want to ask you some more questions."

He pushed towards her an old box. She seated herself reluctantly, holding the hoe across her lap. He took Jean's bucket, which was half filled with cut potatoes ready for planting, placed a board across and sat down on it. The sun peeped suddenly out, and there was a "sunshine shower." The girl scraped the grass with her hoe, and struck rather viciously at a big yellow dandelion blossom. Roni looked at her—in fact he could not take his eyes from her all the time they had been talking. There was something about the girl that he had not noticed before. She was larger, a

little older, more of a woman. He saw her coarse, ragged shoes and wornout, calico dress. Her hands were thick with the callous of work, and for a moment he contrasted them with some others he had known. She had removed her old, weatherbeaten, straw hat, and was fanning her face with it. Her hair was of the light, fluffy, unruly kind, and she impatiently brushed it back to get it out of her eyes. He noticed that her lips were full and red, and that a broad band of brown freckles extended across her nose from one cheek to the other. Her eyes were big and blue. Hard, coarse work couldn't take away their soft delicacy.

He asked her about the neighbors, and she answered him with the meagre information which she had. "Ye see, I haven't been out much," she was forced to explain. "I stayed with gran'ma very close, an' then I had to help mother some. I've even had to neglect some of my meetin's."

The sky was clearing, and presently they heard a voice calling across the field. They both arose and looked around the bushes.

"Who's that?" asked he. "That's mother, isn't it?"

"Yes; she's callin' me."

"What does she want of you?"

"Why, we've been plantin' potatoes, an' I guess she thinks it's time we begin again. She had to go to the house, but she's come back. I guess I'll go."

"Wait a minute. Jean, what are you doin' that for?"

"To help her, of course. Goodness knows, she needs help, an' I couldn't stan' to see her workin' out in the field alone. I'm young and strong and can plant potatoes, but she can't do much." She picked up her bucket and shook off the board.

"Just a minute," he pleaded.

The girl paused, with hoe and bucket in hand. Her hat was tilted on the back of her head, and she looked alternately at Roni and the big dandelion which lay prone at her feet. She was not very neat, she was not very pretty; but there was something about her that touched and satisfied him. A new light shone about his next-door neighbor. He placed his hands over the one that clasped the hoe, and held it firmly.

"Jean," he said, "thank you for helpin' mother. An' now,

will ye help me? I've been a fool, I guess. I know I've done wrong in neglectin' mother. I've been chasin' 'round the country tryin' to get rid of something that I could jest as well have buried right here in mother's field. . . . Jean, you're awfully good, an' I want ye to help me."

"Jean," echoed again across the field, but the girl did not reply. She stood looking down. Presently she said, "Your mother's plantin' potatoes. Here, go an' help her. I think I'll go home."

He took the proffered bucket and hoe. "All right," he replied, "but mother'll think I drove ye away. Come along with me to her first."

"All right," she said, and they stepped out into the open field together. The mother was at work in a piece of plowed land some distance away. As she looked up and saw the two coming towards her, she straightened from her work, and gazed fixedly at them.

"Jean," said he, "do you know if mother has any buttermilk at the house?"

"No; I gave the last to the pig this mornin'."

"You have'nt any at your house, I suppose?"

"Don't know; mother was to churn this afternoon."

"Say, I'm comin' over this evenin' to get some."

There was no reply to this. The mother stood still looking at them as they approached.

"Jean," he asked, and stopped for a reply, "you don't care, do ye?"

"Law, no;" she replied, "the folks'll be real glad to see ye."

They walked on. In the eastern sky stood a beautiful rainbow. One end reached behind the hills; the other end seemed to rest on the little house which was his home, and bathed it in beautiful colors. A robin, thinking that the rain was over, warbled in a bush nearby. The air was sweet and fresh and full of life, at least it seemed so to Roni Jones. Jean was looking at the rainbow.

"Isn't it fine!" she remarked. "I read a story the other day where it said that at the end of every rainbow there could be found a pot o' gold, a treasure, or somethin' like that. An' then

it said that one end of a rainbow is always restin' on your own doorstep. What does that mean?"

Roni looked at her, and then slowly it came to him what that meant.

"I'll tell ye tonight, when I come over after that buttermilk," he said.

Hope.

(For the Improvement Era.)

There is a heart that never fails
 To send a silent prayer above,
 In memory of bygone days—
 Those days of childlike, trusting love,
 Whose star of hope, oft hid in gloom,
 Or dimly seen through falling tears,
 Still shines, the darkness to illume,
 O'ershadowing life's declining years.

We see in part, and know in part,
 For blest perfection is not yet,
 We often grieve with aching heart,
 And hollow eyes with "lashes wet,"
 Because we fail to understand
 The Providence that bears control.
 Soon is the glorious dawn at hand,
 That brings the triumph of the soul.

As we are seen, there shall we see,
 And know as we are known,—
 For every mystery holds a key,—
 And reap as we have sown.
 We then will own, with grateful hearts,
 That Father's way was kind and just,
 Wondering that in mortal life
 We could not to his wisdom trust.

The scales of darkness from our eyes
 Will fall, and we shall plainly see
 How many times the friends we blamed
 Were only weak and frail as we.
 Oh, then let love and mercy rule
 Life's darkest, stormy day,
 "We shall know each other better
 When the clouds have rolled away."

MARY A. FARNSWORTH.



Photo by Shipler.

A BUSINESS CORNER, SALT LAKE CITY.
U. S. Post Office and the Newhouse Buildings.

The Missionary Problem.

BY EUGENE L. ROBERTS.

[The author has filled a mission to Germany and Switzerland, just recently, and is at present a student at Yale University. His remarks should contribute towards making the missionary ideals for the future more definite, and it may be stimulate missionaries to greater activity. In Yale he met the New Haven elders, and was struck by their good work, which he has good reason to believe should be set up as an example. The elders, however, should remember that they have been sent out to teach the truth, to deliver a divine message, and should not permit themselves in the least to be converted to error.—EDITORS.]

“I hate tracting, and must whip myself into it every day,” is a common remark among our missionaries. There are, of course, numerous exceptions; but the writer feels certain, after heart to heart talks with scores of elders in England, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland and at home, that the average missionary dislikes this part of his work. Why? Various excuses are offered. A German elder justifies himself in the following words, and missionaries in different parts of the field have agreed with him:

Somehow, I feel that there is nothing in the literature I am handing this people which deals with the things uppermost in their minds. There seems to be nothing that applies to the religious or social problems of their day; nothing which holds their interest because it discusses things vital to their every-day lives. My tract would have been a powerful factor for conversion years ago, when the focus point of attention and interest was upon dogma and authority. But the world's eye is now centered upon other great questions. People no longer ask which is the true church; but they are keenly interested in what principles must underlie social systems in order to bring about a better relation-

ship between man and man, and man and God. The paramount problems are social, and my tract does not deal directly with these. My religion, however, does contain truths which would enlighten the world in all its perplexing questions.

In my tracting district the big question is temperance, and a few reformers are fighting nobly to check the evil effects of drink. When nearly every household is talking of nothing else but drink, I pass from door to door with a tract on "Baptism for the Dead." And I am grieved because they refuse me, and I want to shake their dust from my feet. I honestly believe that if my tract were a discussion of the vital question, and incorporated the "word of wisdom," and I could devote my time, money and energy working hand in hand with these reformers for the uplifting of these people, I should love tracting, and become enthusiastic over it.

In the Eastern States, at present, diet occupies the public mind. Scientists and laymen alike are intensely interested in what people should eat and how much. The high price of meats has compelled people to attend to the important question as to whether the eating of animal flesh can be dispensed with or not. Professors Chittenden and Fisher and Doctors Mendel and Anderson, of Yale, have carried on exhaustive experiments on diet, and have proved to the satisfaction of most medical men and scientists that numerous ailments and diseases which decrease the happiness and efficiency of most people are due to eating an excess of meat. Horace Fletcher, a magnificent example of the fruits of keeping the word of wisdom, is lecturing to large audiences of working and business men on the benefit of not only thorough mastication, but also of the reduction of proteid foods, and the doing away with teas, coffees and alcoholic drinks.

"Mormonism" has something definite to contribute to the subject under discussion. It has a scheme of diet marvelous in its conception, and so far antedating the discoveries of these modern scientific men, as to make it peculiarly interesting to them. During a discussion on diet in the Yale gymnasium recently, the writer took occasion to quote from the "Mormon" "Word of Wisdom." This excited general surprise. Dr. Anderson, who figured prominently in the dietary experiments, was especially interested. One gentleman remarked, "Does 'Mormonism' mean

anything sensible and practical like that? I thought it nothing but polygamy and superstition."

The great masses with whom our missionaries come in contact would be equally surprised to find that "Mormonism" means something real and beneficial to them. If the tracts occupied themselves with this interesting subject at this particular time, the people would begin to see that "Mormonism" is here for the practical, everyday good of mankind; that it is here to get people to live more sane and happy lives, and not merely to increase its numbers and decrease the membership of other churches. The missionaries, too, or at least the most progressive, would feel themselves more in tune with the great needs of things and would work with greater enthusiasm.

Whatever the cause of the aversion to tracting may be, it is real, and is a hindrance to the progress of missionaries. Many have confessed that this one thing has caused them great worry, both while on their missions and for a long time afterward.

Another question is the waste of time. There are few elders who do not regret much wasted time—time lost because their work was not systematized, nor their hours properly divided. The typical day of too many missionaries is a period made up of much sleeping; a great amount of loafing; considerable idle gossiping; some incoherent studying; a little purposeless visiting of Saints or friends some other elder made years ago; and perhaps an hour or so of almost aimless tracting, to keep the record respectable.

However we may wish to be optimistic and emphasize the bright side of things, we must be blindly so not to recognize and admit this condition and to realize its evil effects. Conditions ought to be improved. Missionary life ought to be made fuller and richer. Elders must awake to an appreciation of the importance of their time. They should become aware of the infinite possibilities all around them for development. Missionaries constantly preach that the glory of God is intelligence, and yet allow thousands of chances to acquire this intelligence slip by. They love to think and say that as God is man may become, but they fail to appreciate the significance of this marvelous truth.

In New Haven, Connecticut, there are four elders who are exempt from this criticism, and who represent what may be termed

the ideal type of the modern "Mormon" minister. The writer had the pleasure of introducing them into Yale's religious life, and they are at present as much a part of it as the students themselves. They spend their spare time in the lecture halls or libraries; they attend the religious services and Bible classes, and take part in the discussions, giving to the students the "Mormon" interpretation of religion; they work shoulder to shoulder with the Yale boys in the missionary activities among the slums of New Haven, and are cultivating a comradeship and fellowship with the students. The Yale boys know who they are, and are coming to respect and admire both them and the great religious movement they represent.

The New Haven elders are also active among the churches and the Y. M. C. A. of this city. Through attending Bible classes and assisting these societies in their efforts for good, they have made many friends, among whom are an influential Sunday school teacher and a prominent minister. The former entertains the elders at evening dinner once a week. As another example of the good results, the friends of one of the released missionaries gave him a farewell social which was attended by some twenty of the best people of the city.

A new elder from another field, after being in New Haven for a while, remarked:

My missionary life never began until now. I never realized how big the world is, and how much there is to learn. These lectures and sermons at Yale have given me a different point of view, and a broader attitude toward the world. They have shown me the beauty of both "Mormon" ideals and those of the world. They have stimulated me to learn all I can and to give to the world the grand truths of "Mormonism."

This young man is not the only one whose notion of things has been changed. There are many students of Yale and people of New Haven who look at life through different eyes since meeting the "Mormon" boys. They appreciate better the ultimate purpose of things. Many admit freely that our religion has much to contribute to the world; and they are all convinced that it is not the despicable system they had imagined it was. Some, too, are coming to believe that "Mormonism" is all we claim for it.

These opportunities for real missionary work and for growth are not peculiar to this city. They can be found everywhere by the elder who is awake to what is going on around him. God speed the day when the "Mormon" missionary field will become the school it was intended to be.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

In Union There is Strength.

(For the Improvement Era.)

In Union only is there strength, O man!
Harmonic units form the perfect whole!
If all progression's founded on this plan,
Then universal brotherhood's the goal.

The glowing orb, enthroned on Zenith's height,
Displays his power, nurtured from this fact,
And spheres revolving 'round the heavenly light,
In attuned union, rhythmic'ly must act.

And all that we behold, or do, or know,
Express the wisdom in this primal law;
Disintegrating clay, and things that grow,
Disclaim relation with discord and flaw.

But recognition of a truth should bring
Its useful application in each life;
To contemplate and picture it, and sing,
Alleviates no pain, nor lessens strife.

To correlate and build on true concepts,
To learn their many phases, weight and worth,
Will make the angel-seekers true adepts
And bring the dreamed, regenerated birth.

Idealism's fervent, growing hope,
The soul's fine graph that's drawn on axes true,
Shall brighten in its wide, engulfing scope,
And be the welder of the old and new.

J. P. MAY.

The Call of Authority.

BY H. R. MERRILL.

III.

It was a bright, clear day in November. The majestic Wasatch peaks, after a sunny summer, had donned their winter suits and stood hoary-headed sentinels above the peaceful valley. The rugged canyons were wrapped in the blue, misty veil of the Indian summer, and seemed like shadows on the mountain side. The brown foot-hills rolled away from the icy peaks to the sear and yellow valley below.

At the Williams farm all was joy and peace. The large hay stacks, sunning themselves in the farmyard, spoke of a good yield, while the large piles of straw silently testified that wheat bins were full. It had been an exceptionally good year, and the farmers felt themselves well paid for their hard labor.

For the seventh time Molly had come to the door and gazed down the lane, returning to her baking with the same report—that she couldn't see them yet.

Tomorrow was Thanksgiving, and truly it was going to be a thanksgiving, for today Jimmy was coming home. He had been gone twenty-six months, and was now returning with an honorable release.

"I wonder if Jimmy's friend from Montana will come?" Mrs. Williams mused, as she turned the edge of a squash pie. "I hope he will come, for he certainly helped us out last year. John wants him to come, too, for he has got the money all saved up, and can pay him back now."

"I don't know," Molly answered, "but I don't care if he

doesn't." The little blush belied her words, however, for the handsome cowboy had made an impression upon the romantic girl.

"He seemed to be a nice boy," Mrs. Williams continued, "and I felt sorry for him."

Just then little Ted came bounding into the room. "They're comin'!" he shouted. "Jimmy's with 'em." He was off again like a shot.

The two women ran out to the gate, wiping their hands upon their aprons as they went. Sure enough, they were coming. Mr. Williams and James occupied the front seat, while Francis and John sat behind. The missionary was driving.

"Doesn't he look fine!" Molly whispered, as the wagon drew near; but Mrs. Williams could not see, for in spite of all she could do the tears would come and block her vision.

"We've got him!" Mr. Williams shouted, as the wagon stopped and James sprang out and took his mother in his arms.

"My own mother!" was all he could say.

"My son! my son!" the mother cried joyfully, as she kissed him again and again.

After the greetings were over, he turned to Molly and said, "And this is that old, sweet sister of mine. I was almost afraid I would lose her before I returned. There are so many young fellows looking for good housekeepers nowadays."

"None of them would want me," she blushinglly replied.

All was joy at the old farm. The wanderer had returned. He was kept busy answering questions and asking about old friends. Little Eva and Ted were shy at first of the stranger gentleman who had arrived, but were soon convinced that it was really their own big brother, and soon they were talking merrily of their stick-horses and doll-houses, as he held them on his knees.

The old folks talked to their son of his missionary life, and their hearts were filled with gratitude to the Father who had brought their wanderer safely back to them, pure and clean from the sins of the world, and a man of God in very deed.

"Well, Jimmy, we are glad to have you back again," the father said. "But I suppose we ought to call you James, now, for you are no longer a boy," he added, with a proud smile.

"No, father, call me Jimmy, still. It wouldn't seem like home if you did not, and I've been so home-sick to hear it just like you and mother say it."

Out in the stable the talk was all of Jimmy, as the boys unharnessed and fed the team.

"He's the same old Jimmy," Francis said, "all but in looks. He looks fine, doesn't he?"

"Yep, he's the same old Jimmy," John replied. "He certainly does look fine. Hasn't got the big-head a bit, either. Now take Dave Coleman. When he came home he was so stuck up he wouldn't speak to a common fellow. He wasn't a preacher, either, and his fine appearance soon wore off. Jimmy wasn't a bit like that, but is just the same as ever, in that way, and yet there's something about him that tells you he's all right."

"Do you remember the day Dave came home? I was standing at the station when he got off the car and strutted up to where we stood, and after shaking hands with his folks, he turned to me and said, 'And this is Mr. Williams, I believe?' His hand was as limber as a dish rag."

Jimmy wasn't a bit like that. He made us all feel right at home with him in a minute, and said hello to all the boys he knew, as if he had just left yesterday. Of course, we could all tell that it wasn't the same Jimmy that left us, for it wasn't the loud, boisterous hello of the cowboy, it the quiet refined greeting of the gentleman."

The shades of night were beginning to draw closer around the farm in the valley, as a horseman appeared on the top of the hill at the north. It was Jack Hillman on his way to accept the warm invitation which he had received to spend Thanksgiving Day at the farm, and to welcome "Brig" back. It was the same cowboy, Jack, who had ridden away that morning after Christmas with a full heart, caused by the kindly treatment he had received. Since that day he had lived a different life. His record had been above reproach. Since that time, whenever he was tempted to do wrong, a picture of that family circle, as they knelt in prayer, would flash before his eyes and he would be strengthened. Often the sweet, womanly face of Molly Williams would appear before him, and he could see the same look of amazed wonder in her eyes

that had been there when he told tales of the wild carousals of the camp.

"Come, Buck, it is getting dark!" he cried, as the farm came into view. He removed the travel-stained handkerchief from his neck, and replaced it with a new one, as the horse galloped on. Arriving, he arranged his hair with a few touches from a pocket-comb; then, with the dirty handkerchief, he proceeded to dust himself as best he could.

He was greeted warmly in the farm yard, by Francis and Mr. Williams. When Teddy came in and cried, "The cowboy's come!" James followed him out to greet his old friend, while Molly quickly vanished into her own room. The cowboy did not recognize the new-comer in the dusk, until he was grasped in a pair of strong arms and heard the familiar voice say, "Hello, Jack!"

"Hello, 'Brig'!" he cried, as soon as he recognized him. "I am glad to see you back."

Soon as the greeting was over, and Jack had removed his chapes, spurs and pistol, they went into the house, where the cowboy was warmly greeted by the good lady and the blushing Molly.

Thanksgiving was spent pleasantly, for all the family were at home, with nothing to mar their homely pleasure. In the evening the young folks went to the dance in the ward house, where Jack, with his handsome face and good dancing, soon became a favorite, but in spite of attentions from others, Molly remained his favorite and received most of his attention. James treated all alike, but he danced the last dance with Nellie Reynolds.

When Thanksgiving was over, and Jack was thinking about leaving, James spoke of a subject which had frequently come to his mind. "Jack, if you could get a job down here would you stay?"

"It's according to what the job would be," he finally replied drawing his gloves thoughtfully through his hands.

"Suppose it was a job you like?"

"Yes, I believe I'd stay," Jack answered. "I rather like this country, anyhow."

"I made arrangements with an Eastern firm to buy some cattle, and I'll want somebody to help me who understands the busi-

ness. Perhaps there may not be as much money in it as you have been getting, but it will be a good job, and if things turn out right we can make more. What do you say? Will you stay?"

The cowboy's mind ran north to the lonely cattle ranch where there were only rough men for companions, and no place to visit but the saloon. Then he recalled the pleasant hours spent here, and the sociable party the night before.

"Yes, I'll stay," he said.

The two boys entered into partnership, under the name of Williams & Hillman. Jack was an expert cattleman; James, also, was experienced at the business, and succeeded in securing good orders from eastern firms. Jack had saved up a little money, which, along with the money that Mr. Williams was able to give James, enabled them to do a fairly good business from the very start; but by their thrift and caution, they soon increased their capital until they made good wages.

On the short winter days, as they rode out among the farms in search of cattle, their usual theme was religion. James was anxious to convert his friend to the gospel, and on the long winter nights before retiring, they would search out the truths contained in their Testaments, which they always carried. James pointed out to his friend the similarity between the restored gospel and that taught by the Master. Jack's thoughts were thus led along religious lines, and he soon became interested in the all-important subject.

As time went on, the friendship between the young men grew stronger. Each time they spent a few days at the farm house in the valley, the cowboy became fonder of "Brig's" folks. It was no longer "Brig" with him, however, but just plain Jim. Each time they left he thought more of Molly, whose sweet, womanly ways had awakened all that was best in him.

Jim, too, was happy in the love of a good woman, for Nellie Reynolds had promised to become his wife, and he was looking forward with expectant joy to the time when he could call her his own.

Jack, after careful examination and study of the doctrines taught by the Latter-day Saints, was imbued with the same religious spirit that characterized his friend's life, and was finally bap-

tized and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. From the day he received the beautiful, yet simple ordinance at the hands of his friend, who, he believed, was acting by authority received from the Master, he lived a life worthy of a Latter-day Saint. His rough, cowboy manners were polished and softened by the daily companionship of James, and his frequent visits to the Williams home. He attended Church whenever possible, and took a great interest in Sunday school and Mutual Improvement work.

Along with the spiritual development of his soul, there was another influence which worked a miracle in his life. It was the love for sweet Molly Williams, which gradually grew stronger. Whenever tempted to depart from the straight and narrow path, his love for her prompted him to do the right, until his old life was entirely a thing of the past. In the new-found joy of living right, he realized the fulfilment of the promise, "You shall walk in newness of life." And yet, whenever he desired to confess his love for the innocent girl, some of the misdeeds of his past life stared him in the face, and he realized how much inferior to her he really was. In the time which followed his visits to her home, the truth of the divine edict was borne in upon his soul, that "all men shall be judged according to their works, whether they be good or whether they be evil."

One hot June day the two friends were in town with a bunch of cattle, to ship east. Jim called at the office for the mail, while Jack drove the cattle to the loading corral. He had just gotten them inside and the gate closed, when Jim came galloping up with a broad smile on his face.

"Well, old man, this letter looks suspicious," he cried, as he handed Jack a letter.

Jack looked at the envelope, and then tore it open with unsteady fingers. He read the note and then, with a look of dismay, cried, "They want me to go on a mission! What shall I do? I couldn't ever learn to preach."

Jim watched his friend for a moment, and then said seriously, "Do? Why, go, of course. That is the call of authority, if this is the true Church."

Jack turned, tied his horse to the fence without saying a

word, looked over the letter again, and finally said, "Well, I reckon it is. They haven't given me much time, but I think I can be ready."

"Good for you, old boy!" Jim cried, as he slapped his friend on the back, for he was a little doubtful as to just how he would take it. "You'll never regret it, and we're in a position now so you can go, too. When are you expected to leave?"

"June the thirtieth."

"That is sudden, but we can arrange it."

On the night of June twenty-ninth, the ward meetinghouse was ablaze with lights, and filled to the door with people, old and young, assembled to do honor to the departing missionary, for Jack had become well and favorably known during his short stay among them. The good things of life abounded, there was a program, and all enjoyed a sociable chat as the home-made delicacies, brought by the ladies, were eaten.

All the evening Jack had been nervous and bashful. This prominence was a new thing to him. Somehow his hands and feet were dreadfully in his way, as he sat upon the stand with the bishop and his counselors, during the program. When called upon to acknowledge the honor shown him, he was utterly at a loss and only succeeded in saying, "Thank you," rather huskily, but the audience greeted his effort with hearty applause, for many of the men could remember a night, not so many years ago, when they had occupied awkwardly the same position, and some of the women, through tear-dimmed eyes, could see, instead of the bashful, halting Jack, the loved features of a husband, a father, a brother or a sweetheart, several of whom were even now far from home and friends.

The program over, Jack sought Molly, for it was in her presence only that he felt completely at ease. All his friends were anxious to show how much they would miss him, and to sympathize with him. This only added to his embarrassment, while Molly with her quick woman's intuition, talked of other subjects: and though anxious at heart, she assumed a cheerful manner and talked of pleasant things.

When at last the program was over, and they were alone together, as they walked arm in arm towards the old home, his

heart was too full for words. It was with difficulty that he curbed the desire to take her in his arms and tell her of his love. His heart sank at the thought of leaving her, but the thought that a two years' training in doing the right would bring him nearer her level, buoyed him up to tell her the great secret.

Reaching the lane, with its line of stately poplars that led to the old home, Jack broke the silence.

"These past two years seem almost like a dream. I came here a wanderer, and your folks took me in, gave me a home and homely love, above all things most dear. Then dear old Jim, in his kind way, led me into the truth, which I know now for myself. To prove that I know it, I have accepted this call to take it to other people who need it as greatly as I needed it."

"Yes; it is wonderful how things come about. I remember when you came—a big, wild cowboy!" Molly replied.

"I remember that time, too, and always shall. I never can forget how good it seemed to be at home. I can never thank you folks enough for what you've done for me. I hope I may prove worthy of your interest. I suppose when I return you and Jim'll be married. Then, I fear, it will not seem quite so much like home, when you are gone."

"Jim might be married," Molly murmured.

"And you?" he asked, tremulously.

"Oh, I'll not get married—so soon, anyway," she faltered. The tell-tale note was in her voice.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because—" and Jack unable to resist longer, threw his arm around her, and drew her to his side.

"Because you will wait for me, dear one?" he murmured. "Say that you will."

"I will, Jack," she whispered. She threw her arms about his neck, and their lips met in the first, sweet kiss.

It was with tear-dimmed eyes that they bade each other good-by, a little later, for the train was to leave at five o'clock, and it was now past midnight. Jim was going to take Jack to the station at four.

"Be noble, Jack, and fulfil an honorable mission before you return," Molly whispered, as she went up the steps to her room.

"With God's help I will be good, and will stay until recalled," he replied.

He went into the kitchen, where the family had assembled before going to bed, and after a hearty good-by, he went to his room, but not to sleep. The sweet face of Molly was constantly before him, and the clinging pressure of her arms and lips lingered with him, as he arranged his belongings. Last of all he took out the little Testament and lovingly placed a little picture of Molly between the leaves.

At four o'clock he awakened James. Together they hitched the horses to the wagon. As they drove out of the front gate, in the glorious dawn of the June morning, Mr. Williams appeared at the door and shouted a kind good-by and God speed. Jack answered in a husky voice, for he had learned to love the simple folk and everything connected with the place. As they turned into the lane, he caught sight of Molly at her window, waving a last good-by.

At the station, when all was in readiness, the two men looked into each other's eyes, and each turned away in a vain endeavor to keep the tears back.

"Good-by, Jim," said Jack, with difficulty. "You've been like a brother to me, and have made my life worth the living. I hope to be a brother to you in very deed some day. Molly has promised to wait for me."

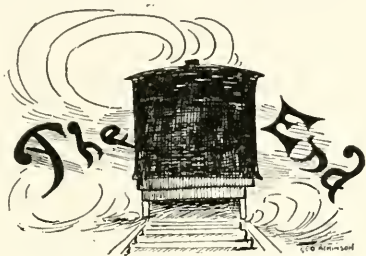
"Good-by, Jack. When hard times and persecution come, always keep the example of our Savior before you. Remember that you are a true servant of the living God, and then when you come back, I'll be glad to welcome you as a brother indeed." He added, after a pause, "I am going to be married in September."

"All aboard!" the conductor's cry rang out. The two cowboys impulsively threw their arms about each other. "Good-by, Jack, and God bless you."

"Good-by, Jim. May heaven bless you, old boy," Jack answered, as he swung into the last car. Jim waved his hat to his friend, until he was carried beyond the old grist mill and out of sight.

To another son of the Father a call had come through his

prophet, and like Abraham of old, he believed God, and it will undoubtedly be counted unto him for righteousness. He had been called of God by "prophecy and by the laying on of hands," by those who are in authority to preach the gospel and administer in the ordinances thereof, "for no man taketh this honor unto himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron."



The Old Home.

There's a mother, bent and wrinkled, in a home back 'mong the hills,
And a longing for a letter that mother's lone heart fills,—
Just a line from son or daughter, who for years has been away;
But the letter's long in coming,—none she gets day after day.
No one knows how still and lonesome is that house where years ago
Mother rocked the old red cradle, gently, gently, to and fro;
Soothed away child griefs with kisses, bound up cuts and fingers sore,
And a-smiling watched the playing on the spotless kitchen floor!
Merry children round the table; quaint old dishes white and blue;
Now none come when dinner's ready,—table's only set for two!
Often when the light is waning, from the little parlor stand
Mother takes an old-time picture in her work-worn, trembling hand,
Gazes on the face intently (such love's 'mong earth's chiefest charms):—
"I was never half so happy as when you were in my arms!
I was often tired and weary, filled with care, and oft perplexed;
Had so much to do I wondered what the task I should do next.
But I'd bear the burden gladly, suffer what I did,—and more,
If those days—now gone forever—I could once again live o'er!"
Now her longing's for a letter, as she does her household chores,—
Write and tell her how you love her—if that lonesome mother's yours!

—*Farm and Home.*

The Crown of Individuality.*

BY WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN.

VIII.—Sitting in the Seat of Judgment.

Blindfolded; holding in her left hand a balance; in her right a sword—thus they picture the goddess of Justice. This is satire in symbolism. It seems the work of some cunning cynic, concentrating in a single figure the worst elements of human *injustice* and grimly labeling it “Justice.” It is worse than a label—it is a libel. This goddess of Justice has her eyes deliberately closed to the facts. She holds ostentatiously on high the scales of justice but never sees their movement. She has her hand tight-pressed on the sword of punishment before even hearing the testimony. She is excluding all evidence but one—hearsay.

This is the goddess of Justice that dominates society today. The true Justice should be open-minded, open-eyed, open-eared, open-lipped, open-handed. Serene, free, unhampered by bonds without or by prejudice within, she should have one object—to discover the truth. Nothing should escape her searching vision; no faintest whisper elude her eager ears; with finest, honest wisdom should she question, and with free unencumbered hands investigate, test, prove. The lamp of truth should throw its dazzling glow of illumination on every trifle of evidence. The balance of judgment should be held rigidly on a support before her, not suspended from—a trembling arm. This seems a higher and truer symbol than—a blind woman, sporting her regalia.

* From *The Crown of Individuality*. Copyright, 1909, by Fleming H. Revell Company.

Character is not a simple, uniform product. It cannot be judged as dress-goods—by a yard or so of sample unrolled from a bolt on the counter. It is complex, confused, uncertain, changing, subject to moods that contradict our conclusions. While knowing all this we dare to construct the whole life and character of one we may have never even met. We build it from a few hints, slurs, idle comments, or the vague rumors or absolute lies of newspaper reports—as scientists reconstruct an unknown prehistoric animal from a few bones. One judges a painting by the full view of the whole canvas; separate, isolated square inches of color are meaningless. Yet we dare to judge our fellowman by single acts and words, misleading glimpses, and deceptive moments of special strain. From these we magnify a mood into a character and an episode into a life.

There is entirely too much human judging, too much flippant criticism of the acts of others. Suspicion is permitted to displace evidence, cheap shrewdness to banish charity, prejudice to masquerade as judgment. We imagine, we guess, we speculate—then pass on through the medium of indiscreet speech and idle gossip to what may bring bitterness, sorrow, heartache and injustice to others. The very ones we condemn may be battling nobly under a hail of trial and temptation where we might fall faint in the trenches or, lowering our colors, drop back in hopeless surrender.

We have a right to our preferences, our likes and dislikes, our impressions, our opinions, but we should withhold final judgment—as an honest, unprejudiced juryman keeps his verdict in suspense until he has heard and tested all of the evidence. We have no right to let prejudice tyrannize over judgment and kill—the justice of the soul. We may see an act but have no luminous revelations of the motive behind it.

We idly condemn the gaiety of some man who has suffered a terrible loss, and term him heartless. Perhaps he laughs only to keep back tears that would gush like a torrent from his heart were he less brave. We criticise the parsimony of some one, when it really means concentrated generosity to some one else. Over-generous forgiving may seem weakness—when it is the ‘‘ninety times nine’’ of a great nature. Love at its height may seem

indifference. What appears conceit may be only some one's attempt to recover a lost self-confidence he hungers to regain.

Some one's fretfulness, or occasional outbursts of temper, may be but sparks of protest from the hidden fires of a sad life-story, or some bravely-borne illness unknown but to a chosen few. Meanness may in reality be poverty too proud to confess itself. We hear one side of many a story and judge by that alone. We judge often along the line of our least mental resistance. Ignorantly we condemn a man for vanity because we would be vain had we accomplished his work. There is a wide difference between putting yourself in another's place and putting him in yours. The one is an attempt at wisdom; the other a speculation in prejudice. We misinterpret motives, do not know facts, and judge from wrong standards.

In the individual life we realize that there are times when everything we do or say misrepresents us. We mean kindness, but somehow the words sound cross, cruel or misleading. Without intending it, we hurt those who are dearest; we regret it, know the sad effect we are creating, yet we blunder on into deeper pitfalls. We may be even too falsely proud to explain. We are all out of key. We are tobogganing down the incline of a mood. We may not understand ourselves and in a spirit of heart-hunger may long for someone sweetly and gently to comprehend us, to see us truly, despite—ourselves and our acts.

Knowing this labyrinthic quality in us and even in human nature at its best, let us throw the golden mantle of love, and kindness and justice over every thought of condemnation. How can we judge others harshly when we do not know ourselves and while we suffer so much from the misjudging from others? Let us live in the open sunlight of love, shutting our eyes in charity from adverse judging—just forgetting much, forgiving much.

Let us sweetly, sincerely, sympathetically seek in the best side of some one we know—his real, fine, true self. Let us think of the fine flowers and ignore the weeds as temporary invaders. This may prove an inspiration to some one near and dear to us to live up to our ideal of him, to be worthy of the higher levels to which our faith has raised him.

Sometimes situations arise between friends that demand rapid

judgment and action. Then should we check off the items carefully, considering truly both sides of the ledger of our experience. Before pronouncing sentence let us see if in our hearts we honestly believe our verdict fair, just and true. Let us be assured it is justice—not prejudice, pique, temper, disappointment, distorted gossip, or aught else that is eclipsing the justice of our judgment. Our justice, if such there be, may change bitterly the life of both.

One of the hardest lessons of life is to learn not to judge. Perhaps ninety per cent of the adverse criticism, comment and judging of humanity is unnecessary and serves no useful purpose. It is not our business. It is simply our mere impertinent meddling in the affairs of others, without even a hope of being helpful or useful. It is often what we would most quickly resent—were the situations reversed.

There are times in every life when we *must* judge, when we should judge, and when it is vitally important that we should judge wisely and justly. There are those closely associated with us in love, friendship or business—where it may be important for us to understand their words, their acts, their motives, and their emotions in so far as they affect ours.

The very attitude of not judging until it becomes necessary gives ever dignity, calmness, poise, and fineness to these enforced judgments. The judgment that has been dulled by constant misuse, like a razor that has been used to sharpen pencils, is of little value in real need.

The wisest judgment means the best head co-operating with the best heart. It is kind, honest, charitable—seeking truth, not the verifying of a prejudice. It says ever, in prefacing its conclusions on the evidence. “As it seems to me,” “If I understand it aright,” “So far as I have been able to reason it,” “Unless I am mistaken,” or similar phrases. These represent the suspended judgment—with no tone of absolute finality. They show a willingness to modify the verdict, to soften the sentence, or to order a new trial if new evidence, new illumination, or new interpretation can be produced.

Only through sympathy can character be rightly understood. Intolerance and prejudice poison judgment. Even our worst ene-

mies are not as bad as we think them. When Apelles, the Greek painter, made a portrait of Alexander, King of Macedon, he painted the monarch with his finger on a scar received in battle so that the disfigurement was not evident. Let us not point out the scars on the lives and characters of those around us, but let the kindly finger of charity gently obscure them.

To kill the judgment habit where it is unnecessary, we must silence expression, but we must do more—we must learn not to *think* severe judgment even if not spoken. If we do judge severely in our thought it colors our acts and our attitude. When tempted to judge let us ask—“is it necessary?” When hearing gossip let us ask—“What are your proofs?” We should stifle our own criticisms and silence those of others. In judging others let us have courage to say, not coldly and uncaring but from the depths of human love and sympathy—“I really cannot tell. I do not know.”

There is an Oriental legend that one day, Christ, wandering through the streets of Jerusalem, came suddenly on an idle crowd of jeerers over the dead body of a dog. Each spoke contemptuously, each condemning some phase, each contributing some meanness to add to the cruel merriment. Christ stood silent for a moment, and then, pointing to the open mouth of the dead dog, said—“Ah, but no pearls are whiter than his teeth.” This spirit of seeking ever the best side in our daily living would absolutely transform it.

(The next article in this series, “The Inspiration of Possibilities,” will appear in the July number of the ERA.)

Trust in God.

Some trust in chariots, and some in horses: but we will remember the name of the Lord our God. They are brought down and fallen: but we are risen, and stand upright.—Ps. 20: 7, 8.

“With Songs and Everlasting Joy.”

[ANTHEM]

“The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy.”—Isaiah 35:10.

BY EDWIN F. PARRY.

Maestoso.

high . . . mid the mountains,

f Ex-alt-ed on high, on high mid the mountains,

f

a - far

An en-sign to na-tions, to na-tions, a-

p far! I, too, would ex-alt thee in sto-ry, And



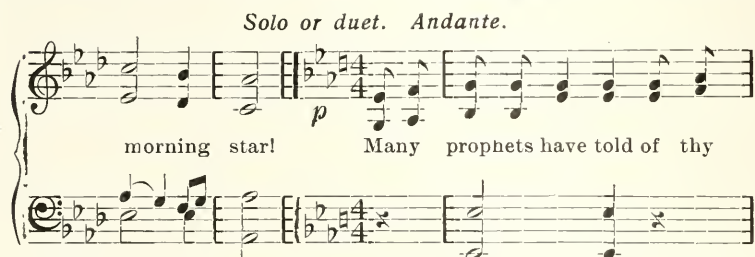
fain would I sing of thy glo - - ry, thy



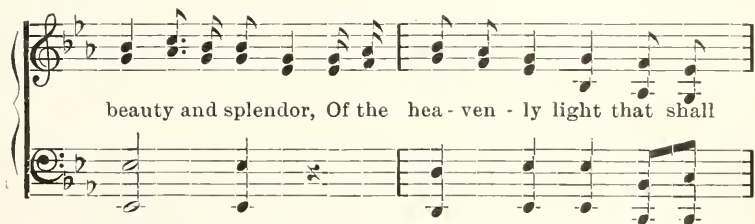
glo - ry, O Zi - on, fair Zi - on, Glorious as the




star *Rit.* *f*
morn - ing star, the morning star, Glorious as the



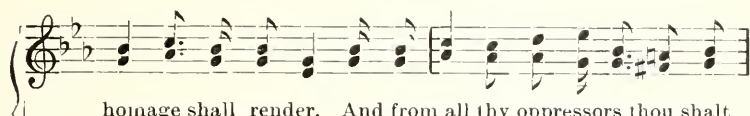
Solo or duet. Andante. *p*
morning star! Many prophets have told of thy



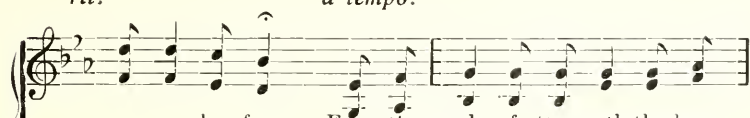
beauty and splendor, Of the hea - ven - ly light that shall



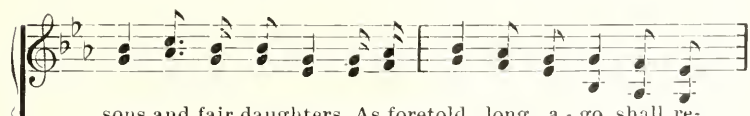
shine up - on thee; That the great ones of earth sincere



hoinage shall render, And from all thy oppressors thou shalt

*rit.**a tempo.*

ev - er be free. From the ends of the earth thy brave



sous and fair daughters, As foretold long a - go, shall re-



turn to their home; From the isles of the sea, from a -

cross the great waters, With songs and everlasting joy shall they

Rit.

come, With songs and ev-er-last-ing joy shall they come.

Allegretto.

Then rise and shine,

Then rise, rise and shine, for thy light is come,

rise and shine,

rise, rise and shine, for thy light is come, And the

rit.
glo - ry of the Lord is ris - en on thee! Then

rise and shine,

rise, rise and shine, for thy light is come,

rise and shine,

rise, is e and shine, for thy light is come, and the

rit.

glo - ry of the Lord is risen on thee!

tempo ad lib.

p O Zi - on, glo - rious Zi - on.

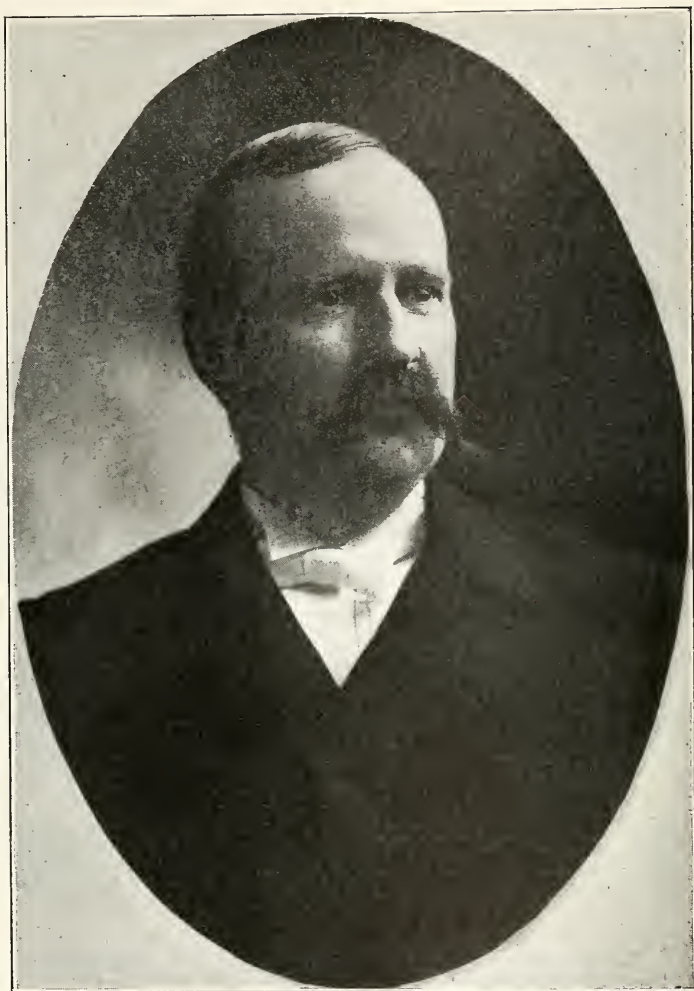


Photo by Symons

ELDER RUDGER CLAWSON.

Chosen April 7, 1910, to succeed Elder Charles W. Penrose as President of the European Mission; born, Salt Lake City, March 1, 1857; chosen President of the Box Elder Stake of Zion February 5, 1888; called, ordained and sustained a member of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles, October, 1898.

The Second Commandment.

BY GRACE ZENOR-ROBERTSON.

“Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth:

“Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me;

“And showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.”

In every human heart is planted an inborn desire for worship. Depraved, sometimes, the desire may be, yet as a rule, fancy converts the object of worship into something far more powerful than the worshiper.

Scarcely had God's voice declared his commands to Moses on Sinai, when the children of Israel, with Aaron in the valley below, were making unto themselves an image of gold, declaring it to be the god which delivered them from Egypt.

Moses, their guide and teacher, had left them for a short time. They were weak, and faith failed them without his presence; yet God forgave them because of their repentance.

Just previous to the birth of Christ was a period of idolatry. Every nation, save the Jews, had a set of deities, each worshipping as it chose. Some made idols of the mountains, the rivers, and the sun, moon and stars, while others worshiped men and women who had achieved fame through great deeds. To each were erected temples, altars and statues of different materials.

During this period there was little progression, either mental or moral. Nearly all known nations were under the rule of one despotic nation.

Since Christ's burial, let us look at some of the nations that have been for centuries worshippers of graven images:

In far away China, where magnificent temples are reared to unknown gods; in Japan, where Buddha's name and Buddha's form are revered, have existed both darkness and superstition until recent years, when Christianity has been taught among the people.

During the terrible scenes of the French Revolution, nearly the whole population of France were unbelievers, and in the midst of the struggle, bowed in the streets to the enthroned "Goddess of Reason." Robespierre, himself, declared that a republic could not flourish unless the people were believers in a Supreme Being—in a hereafter.

It is strange, with so many evidences of God's handiwork, so many acknowledgments of his love, that men will sometimes go astray because they lack faith to worship one who is not visible in person. Strange that men cannot walk by faith instead of sight.

You remember the story of Thomas, who doubted that his Master was arisen from the dead—and must thrust his hand in the wounded side, and feel the nail prints in his hands and feet? And Jesus said to him, "Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."

I wonder, if in our own day, there are any in our fair land who make unto themselves graven images!

There are few, perhaps, who lift up their eyes in prayer to the hills or the lights of the firmament, or who have raised up idols of stone, but there are some who, like the rich young ruler, would go away very sorrowful were they asked to exchange their gold for eternal life. There are others who see afar off and indistinctly the dream-idol of fame, and with their whole being are waiting to pay homage at its shrine.

And there are still others who worship self, who remember not His little ones. Their hearts are set upon the glittering

baubles of the world, wherewith to clothe the outward form—when much fairer would they be with but one gem, the gem of chastity. Miserable are they, having neglected to seek first his kingdom.

“Visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me.” In worshipping aught save the Creator, we not only injure ourselves but generations to come, except through sincere repentance and a return unto his love. And the promise is sure, “But showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.”

PARKER, IDAHO.



Photo by Gerald Anderson.

AT THE BOUNDARY MONUMENT UTAH-WYOMING.

This country is barren, with a wilderness of rolling hills, and the monument marks the south-west corner of Wyoming. It is located about twenty miles east of Grass Creek, Summit county, Utah, and perhaps thirty miles south and a little west of Evanston, Wyoming. Large herds of sheep graze on the surrounding ranges, and there is a large shearing and dipping plant in the neighborhood.



Photo by George Albert Smith.

COTTONWOOD TREE AT FLORENCE, NEB., PLANTED BY
BRIGHAM YOUNG.

“A notable character in life’s grand tragedy, one bloody scene of which had so lately closed, waiting at the wing he had caught his cue, and the stirring stage of Time was now ready for his advent.”—Whitney’s *History of Utah*, vol. I p. 235.

“The foundation for the Church of Christ, which the Prophet Joseph had laid, was broad and grand. To follow Joseph, God had provided in Brigham Young a strong builder who thoroughly understood the plans and specifications of the complex and colossal superstructure that was thereupon to be erected. With master mind and hand, he stood ready at the appointed hour to grapple with the stupendous task.”—*Brief History of the Church*, p. 100.

A Personal Testimony.

BY DAVID EVANS, JR.

[The *Berlin Courant*, of Wisconsin, publishes the following statement of David Evans, Jr., of Berlin, Wisconsin, quoted from *Liahona, the Elders' Journal*, Independence, Missouri, adding that the personal testimony of Mr. Evans is reprinted by his permission and consent. Brother Evans has sent a copy of the *Courant* to the editors of the ERA, and we take pleasure in reprinting his testimony, which is both faith-promoting and interesting in its character.—EDITORS.]

DEAR BROTHER:—In compliance with your request to write something for *Liahona* about myself, my experience and my faith, I send you the following:

I am David Evans, Jr., formerly extensively known in Wisconsin. For three successive terms I was the member of Assembly representing Waushara county, in our Wisconsin legislature, during the time when Wisconsin was wrested from the grasp of special privilege and monopoly, and restored to the list of states governed by the people. For thirty-three years I was a citizen of the township of Aurora, Waushara county, Wisconsin, and by my townsmen was at different times elected as town treasurer and chairman of supervisors of that town, and served on the board of county commissioners of Waushara county. I am the eldest son of Captain David Evans, formerly a master mariner of Great Britain, who, as such, in his time commanded some of the vast merchant ships in the commercial navy of England, and for over thirty-three years was a commissioned officer of the United States revenue marine service. At the time of his death he held the commission of captain, which he had held for twenty-eight years. For forty-two years he was a citizen of Wisconsin and widely

known in the early days of the state, to which he came in 1853, from Wales.

I have served my adopted country, both in her ships and in defense of the flag, in the armies of the Union during the civil war, enlisting as a private when but fifteen years of age, and serving to the end of the war. My comrades elected me as commander of John H. Williams Post No. 4, G. A. R. Department of Wisconsin, at Berlin. I am thus particular in telling who I am, because a man's position in the world and his identity have weight and bearing upon his testimony given upon any subject. I was born in Caernarvon, North Wales, September 17, 1848, and came to Wisconsin with my parents in 1853.

I was converted to "Mormonism" finally and fully in 1903, and became a member of the so-called "Mormon" Church May 1, 1903, being baptized in the Tabernacle font at Salt Lake City, April 30 of that year, confirmed the next day in the ward meeting house of the 17th ward, Salt Lake City. I became a member because I was convinced that it was the Church of Jesus Christ, the only name given under heaven whereby man may be saved; that it consistently taught that our Father revealed himself to his children in this our day as certainly as he did in the days of Moses, or of Christ our Savior; that he is no respecter of persons, and had throughout all history taught anew the truth to mankind by the mouths of those who were as babes and sucklings in the wisdom of the schools, teaching plainly his truths in words which the simplest could understand.

A youth, by the common name of Joseph Smith, had given forth anew from the Lord the never-dying truth, which from the beginning he has found needful to repeat, time after time, line upon line, and precept upon precept, to the sons of men. It was not hard for my reason to accept it. Truth is reason. I did accept that statement as the truth, and like a babe I have ever since been creeping and feeling toward the light. My faith has been as that of a child, and my faith has not been disappointed in any particular. Though I have not been much used to oral prayer, I have prayed without ceasing in secret, and my prayers have been answered in a remarkable manner in many instances.

Here is an instance: About seven years ago I first noticed that

my hearing was failing, and consulted many different doctors during that time. I was treated for my ailment by several, growing gradually worse, until in the month of February, of the present year, I was nearly totally deaf in both ears. It was painful to my friends to try to make me understand them, and as painful and very mortifying for me to try to understand anything going on about me. I could not understand when spoken to in a loud voice by a person touching me, and when a piano was played in a loud key in the room where I was, I could not distinguish one tone from another; it was simply a painful drumming sound, a jarring on my nerves. From this pitiful condition, well known to my wife, members of our family and friends, I was healed instantly in answer to the prayers of my brethren, offered to God in my behalf, in the Temple at Salt Lake City. I was healed upon the very day upon which the brethren, in a prayer circle in the temple, offered prayers for my recovery, and I retain my hearing to this day, it being now better than that of nine-tenths of men at my age. I can hear a watch tick when it is held at nearly full length of the arm away. This is my truthful testimony as to the manner in which I received this great blessing, worth more to me than all the money in the world, and I give this testimony to the world, declaring in the most solemn manner that I speak the truth. I testify further that I know that God lives. How could I doubt it any more, after his mercy unto me in so signal a manner?

I know that Jesus of Nazareth is the Christ, the Son of the living God, and that his Church is again established upon the earth, never more to be overthrown. His mercy endureth forever.

I know that Joseph Smith, homely though his name may be, was and is a prophet of God to whom God, in his wisdom, showed plainly and forcibly great truths anew which the minds of men, darkened for ages, had lost, and in whose place they had erected a system of vain fables of men. They claimed to worship God, having a form of Godliness, but denying the power thereof. There are but comparatively few members of the Church of Jesus Christ today in the world, but the truths taught by Joseph Smith permeate and tinge the utterances of a hundred thousand pulpits who would scorn to accept them as truths coming from "Mormonism," which they are, none the less.

I have felt it to be my duty to bear my testimony openly before the world.

I bear this testimony as the truth, that it may go wherever wind doth blow, or water on earth doth flow, and men are gathered together.

BERLIN, WISCONSIN.

June.

(For the Improvement Era.)

Profuse thy way with roses strewn,
O queen of all the year!
Thou glorious month of flowers and bloom,
We hail thee far and near.
Sweet incense of the flowers that bloom,
Thy perfumed breath, O lovely June!

Wild roses in the summer wind
Are tossing gleefully;
By mossy banks tea-roses twine,
All shaded daintily.
How fragrant, precious, is the bloom
Of lovely, queenly, radiant June!

The nature-world with God in tune,
Is blushing smilingly;
And everywhere the flowers in bloom
Are kissing rapturously.
Of gauzy lace now weaves the moon,
The fleecy veils for brides of June.

Sweetly sails the wide-eyed moon,
Through clouds of silv'ry light;
Cool, sighing breezes softly croon,
And whisper through the stilly night,
And robes of gossamer the moon
Is weaving for the brides of June.

LYDIA D. ALDER.

Some Men Who Have Done Things.

BY JOHN HENRY EVANS, OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' UNIVERSITY.

VIII.—Richard W. Young.

WHO MAINTAINS THAT ALL FORMS OF TRICKERY AND DISHONESTY ARE AS FOREIGN TO THE REAL INTERESTS OF A LAWYER AS THEY ARE TO THE SCHOOL TEACHER AND THE BUSINESS MAN.

“Does any man succeed in the law by the practice of dishonest methods?”

“Why, certainly not. The thing is impossible, in any proper sense of the word ‘success.’ To start out on a career of trickery in the law would, in the long run, be as suicidal as in business or school teaching. More so. Should a lawyer once get a breath of suspicion concerning him that he misquotes the law, that he suborns witnesses, or that he endeavors to have a case put off on improper grounds, rising to anything like eminence in the profession would be out of the question for him. The judge would not take his word; his fellow attorneys would distrust him, and once he got an unenviable reputation of that sort, instantly there would be an end to what otherwise might be a prosperous career. He could scarcely conduct a legitimate business at all. Lawyers have a high sense of honor as a rule—as high as can be found in any profession.”



RICHARD W. YOUNG.

A very different notion, you see, from that usually held by persons who do not much come in contact with the legal lights. There has grown up among people generally an idea that lawyers succeed in proportion to their knack for turning tricks. But no one can talk with such a lawyer as Richard W. Young and not feel that the sense of absolute honor is even higher in the law than in most other professions. The trickster, the pettifogger, the shyster is actually more looked down upon by his own fellows in the law than persons of the same ilk are in business circles.

Richard W. Young has had a most remarkable career. Scarcely more than fifty, he has had more experience than a good many octogenarians have managed to crowd into their lives. And it has been varied as a spring landscape.

He is the grandson of President Brigham Young, the great western pioneer. But he was not therefore born with a silver spoon in his mouth. All he had as a starting capital was a desire to succeed, any amount of energy, an eye that could detect an opportunity a mile away, and, what is even less common, such an agreeable manner as you read about in those accomplished courtiers, Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Phillip Sidney.

He went to school till he was thirteen, at which time he discontinued, for awhile, in order to enter a railway office at Salt Lake. For eighteen months after this he was collector, bill-clerk and telegraph operator. Subsequently he attended the University of Utah in the same classes as Governor Wells, Professor Toronto, President Kingsbury, and others who have since become prominent in Utah. We next see him at Richfield, Utah, teaching school, and then at Manti, where he was principal of the high school. His grandfather, at his father's death, had taken in hand his education, intending him for an architect. The plan of education seems to have taken a characteristically practical turn, and so young Richard was put on the temple block in a carpenter's shop to begin his architectural career. The death of the President, however, put a period to this scheme of education, and Richard was thrown upon his own resources, which turned him in the direction we have noted.

In 1878 he was appointed to a vacant cadetship at West Point by Delegate Cannon, but did not accept it immediately owing to

his prospects in the Utah and Northern offices at Ogden. But later he accepted the appointment. The progress he made here is indicated by the following figures: At the end of his first year he stood No. 43 in his class; of his second year, No. 28; of the third year, No. 19; and of the last year, No. 15. On his graduation he chose the artillery, with the title of Second-lieutenant in the Third United States Artillery. Later he was transferred to the Fifth Artillery, with the same rank, taking up his residence at Governor's Island, New York City. Here he remained for four years, studying meanwhile at Columbia University, where he was graduated from the law school in the same class with Gov. Hughes and William Travers Jerome, of New York. In 1886 he came to Fort Douglass with his battery, but two years later resigned from the army to practice his legal profession. When the war broke out with Spain, he volunteered his services, and commanded the famous Utah Batteries in the Philippines, having participated in some thirty engagements. He was appointed Superior Provost Judge of Manila and afterwards a Member of the Supreme Court of the Philippine Islands, and prepared a code still in force which has won him high praise from lawyers familiar with the work. During his residence at New York he had written a book on the general subject of the work of the military in the suppression of mobs, which was declared to be the best of its kind written in America. Returning from Manila, Mr. Young resumed his law practice at Salt Lake, where he has obtained a large clientage. In addition to the time he has devoted to his favored profession, he has served on the board of education, in the city council, and in various responsible ecclesiastical offices. He is now president of the Ensign stake.

Two things outstand in this varied career, which it will not do to pass over.

One is his ability to see and grasp an opportunity. Out there on Governor's Island he could, like all the young officers who had preceded him, and like a good many who have followed him in the same place, have thrown away a great deal of time which he found on his hands, and which army officers frequently find on their hands. But he did not do so. On the contrary, he saw in the nearness of Columbia College an opportunity to pursue a course in

law, with the aim of increasing his efficiency in another department of the army. Now, before this none had seen this chance, although it was equally before his predecessors as before him. It all lay in the seeing eye. And this is characteristic of Richard W. Young.

The other thing is his native integrity and freedom from every element of hypocrisy. It is sometimes the case (rare let us hope) that when a young man goes away from the unpopular and despised "Mormons" to attend school or perform special missions, not religious, he endeavors to hide the fact that he is a Latter-day Saint. The experience of Richard W. Young shows what folly this is, not to use a worse term. While he has never thrust his religious conviction upon anyone, still he has never sought to cover it up as something to be ashamed of. Nor has he ever lost anything by this course. On the contrary, he has gained. People always like openness, candor, as they instinctively hate and despise falsity in character. No sincere man need fear that his openness will bring him harm from others. Hypocrisy in one thing invites distrust in everything. Richard W. Young is instinctively true as steel.

And Mr. Young's opinions are as interesting as his brilliant career.

For one thing, he thinks very highly of his profession—as indeed what man should not, if he hopes to get along in it? "Look at the names of men in public life," he exclaimed enthusiastically, "and notice how many of them are lawyers? Whenever a political speaker is wanted, it is oftenest a lawyer that is sought out. Is a bill to be drafted in a legislative body? A lawyer is the first man appealed to—is, in fact, the only man almost that can do it. Lawyers we find everywhere holding high places, from that of county attorney, through governors, representatives in Congress, senators, to presidents of the United States.

"And then, too, what an excellent discipline the study and practice of the law is! It makes one broad-minded and liberal and charitable in his opinions. An average practicing attorney, taking all sorts of cases, has to study various branches of knowledge that no other man, except a specialist in any one of the branches, has occasion to do. He is brought in contact with every phase

of life. Today he has a case involving the relationship between husband and wife or parents and children. Tomorrow he has a railroad case, in which is involved a thousand and one things in hitherto foreign branches, but which must be thoroughly mastered before he can make any headway. And thus it goes into all the phases of life. Besides this broadened knowledge there comes the developing power to weigh evidence and facts and to see that there is always something to be said on the other side. This makes one look at things from a broader point of view than would be possible otherwise. The law, moreover, tends to make one charitable. Here, for instance, are two men, both honest, who testify to different things which both have seen. And so a lawyer, when he is told something bad of another, says to himself, 'Well, that may be so and it may not be—there may be some mistake somewhere.' "

"A good many persons," I ventured, "believe that a lawyer is not really necessary to the community, if they do not actually believe that he is a mischief-maker—what about it?"

"The 'Mormon' people should be the last to believe that, in view of their history," Mr. Young answered. "Why, in the thirty or forty odd times that the Prophet Joseph was arrested and tried for offenses which he did not commit, he almost invariably was defended and cleared by lawyers. Even if there were no quarrels between different persons to be settled in courts, there would still be a great need for lawyers. A man is accused of a crime, for example. He may be guilty or he may not. In either event the facts need to be brought out and presented in a clear, logical way,—which an untrained person can scarcely do. But if the accused be guilty, there may be some extenuating circumstances. And all this can be done better by a lawyer than by anyone else, merely because he has made the study of the law a specialty.

"Only, there should be no sharp practice, no creating of evidence, no suborning of witnesses, no efforts to clog the wheels of justice. There is plenty of work for a lawyer within legitimate fields. Besides, laying aside court cases altogether, a large part of a lawyer's work nowadays lies in other directions. There are wills to make out, agreements between business parties to draw up, sales to negotiate, and so on. Those, therefore, who say

there is no particular need for lawyers either do not understand the work done by them, or have in mind what we call in the legal profession 'the ambulance chaser,' or those who promote and stir up litigation for the fees they may earn—which is not considered respectable among decent lawyers."

"To what extent is success in the law to be measured by the winning of cases?"

"Well, a lawyer who does not generally win cases would hardly be regarded as successful. Cases would not come to him who had the reputation of habitually losing them. Still it isn't the winning of cases, after all, it's the way you win them. In the long run, though, the winning of cases is mostly due, not, as is commonly believed, to improper methods, but to the superior ability of the man who wins them. What I mean is this: the lawyer must be able to see into the heart of a case when it is presented to him. There are no two cases that are exactly the same. Each has some peculiar point of difference from every other. The lawyer must see that. If he does not, he may lose the case. So that, as I say, in the long run the court trials are won mainly by the lawyer who sees farthest into his cases and presents that case in the clearest manner to judge or jury—qualities of the head wholly dissociated from trickery."

"What qualifications do you think a young man ought to have who aims to enter the profession of law?"

"In the first place, he ought to have natural aptitude for the law, a taste for that sort of life. If he does not he will not go very far in it. Then, he ought not to be afraid of work—he should be naturally industrious. The law is a laborious calling—a jealous mistress, demanding hard work and much of it. For if a lawyer have a case involving a branch of knowledge—say medicine or electricity—he must in a few weeks master the general principles and many of the details of that subject before he can enter upon the case with any hope of conducting it with intelligence. And all this requires close and continual application of the mind to a given subject. The law is no lazy man's vocation.

"Next, any one who wishes to become a lawyer must be honest. I have already said a good deal on that point. But it is very important. Every lawyer is confronted by temptation. It

may be easy to get witnesses to testify in a given case that the accused was somewhere else when the crime was committed. But no honest lawyer will do that kind of business. Instantly he would lose cast with his profession. He would be distrusted by the judge, and in time he would be among the outcasts of the profession. I repeat, a lawyer must be honest. And, lastly, he ought to be public spirited—he should be interested in every public question, for the reason that on many questions concerning the people, the lawyer is frequently in a better position than any one else to discuss it.”

“Talking about criminal cases, Mr. Young, should a lawyer take a case when he *knows* the accused to be guilty, say, of murder?”

“Well, while I don’t seek for a guilty man to come to me with his case, still I don’t think I ought to refuse. If a person is to be punished for a crime, it must be only by due process of law. Every one accused is innocent before the law unless he is proved guilty. And so, in civilized countries, even a criminal has rights, and these rights must be protected. He is entitled to a fair and impartial trial before his peers.

“Now, if I took such a case, I would say to my client ‘If you do not wish to plead guilty I will see to it that your trial is conducted fairly. There shall be no suborning of witnesses, no wrestings of the law or the evidence, and if there is any extenuating circumstances I will put it clearly and honestly. If you wish anything more than this, you had better go to someone else.’ This every honest lawyer will do.”

“Is not the law profession full?” I inquired.

“Not any more so than others. In the law, as in every other calling, new men are coming in and old men are dropping out—dropping out, some through death, some through lack of ability, some through misfit. But here, as elsewhere, natural aptitude, industry, and honesty will win success. It is the survival of the fittest.”



AT THE HEAD OF NOISY WATER CANYON.

SKETCH BY ALFRED LAMBOURNE.

The Noisy Waters. By this appropriate and poetic name, the Ute Indians, before the days of the Pioneers, called the clear mountain stream that sends its crystal tribute into our valley. City Creek, the less imaginative, the more practical, white man calls it. But more fitting was the Indian title when the stream was in its wild condition, before it had been tamed to the needs of civilization.

The White Cliff, its ledges, in the early summer, loaded deeply with snow, faces the steep, pine-clothed heights of the Black Mountain on the opposite side of the canyon. In the early summer, too, a small lake is formed at the cliff base by the melting snow. It is surrounded by grassy, flower-strewn meadows, groves of aspen, and sub-alpine fir. A highly picturesque, one may say grand, scene is that at the head of Noisy Water Canyon.



AT THE POINT OF THE OQUIRRHS.

SKETCH BY ALFRED LAMBOURNE.

At the "Point of the Mountain," as we call the place where the Oquirrh Range stoops and ends at the shore of the Inland Sea, is the subject of the above sketch.

The old rock house was a mail station in the years gone by. It has seen changes in the land since the days of the western Jehu. On the hillside, about a mile westward of Garfield Beach, is the well-known "Cave." It was once a place of sepulture, used as a burial place by the aborigines. The herd boys knew its secrets. On the right side of the sketch is shown a deep opening in the limestone cliffs, a corral fence across it. This is reported to be quite a deep cave, but whose entrance, a few feet back, has been walled up for quite a number of years. What its secrets may be none at present seem to know. The sketch was taken looking southward. To the north stretches out the Inland Sea.



Photo by Shieler.

BRIGHAM YOUNG AND PIONEER MONUMENT, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

C. E. Dallin, sculptor, unveiled July 20, 1897, cost about \$36,000.

“Brigham found himself in possession of qualities which we find present primarily in all great men—intellectual force, mental superiority, united with personal magnetism, and physique enough to give weight to will and opinion; for Brigham Young was assuredly a great man, if by greatness we mean one who is superior to others in strength and skill—moral, intellectual or physical.”—Bancroft's *History of Utah*, p. 201.

Editor's Table.

The Spirit of Worship.

Civilization in these western valleys is still very young. Only sixty-three years ago this month the pioneer settlers were winding their way over the untrodden desert to find a new home in this then primitive west. They were few in number, poor in this world's goods, but abundantly rich in faith and unconquerable determination. Figuratively, they burned their bridges behind them, and went forth to conquer. They did so literally, for there was no way out but to do or die. And they found faith and strength to live and do.

The work which they began, it is our duty to continue. Our religion means work and faith, and the reward is not gained by beginning, but by continuing and enduring to the end. The Lord has greatly blessed the Latter-day Saints in their efforts, and I believe many of these blessings have come to us because of the faith, glad hearts and cheerful countenances of our fathers and mothers, the valiant founders of our homes amid the mountains.

The recent dedication of the Bishop's Building, the Pioneer Stake hall on April 17, and the completion of many new and commodious meetinghouses throughout the length and breadth of the land, have caused me to reflect on the wonderful changes that have come in the condition of the people in these few short years.

My first recollection of a place of worship was in Nauvoo. It was in a little grove of trees near the site of the temple. In company with my mother I listened here to such men as Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Orson Hyde, Parley P. Pratt, Orson Pratt, the Prophet Joseph and the Patriarch Hyrum. [¶] I remember

quite well attending one meeting in this grove, that a wagon had been drawn up in front of the audience and the Prophet Joseph stood in the box speaking, when it began to rain. Some one or two persons got up and held umbrellas over him, to shield him from the wet. Many of the people had no umbrellas, and it was very annoying and disagreeable to sit there, but I remember very well, though but a little boy, that there was no one went away from the ground while he spoke.

Next I remember the place of worship on the Missouri river, at Winter Quarters, now called Florence, some six or seven miles up the river from Omaha. The meetinghouse there consisted of a bowery—posts set in the ground with cross poles over them and covered with green boughs, which were replaced from time to time, as they grew dry and the leaves rattled off. This was the meeting place of the Saints in the fall and winter of 1846-7, and I know not how much longer, for we left for the Salt Lake valley in the spring of 1848. At Council Bluffs a double log house was built, in which council meetings were held by the priesthood, but in Winter Quarters the bowery served the purpose.

In the Salt Lake valley, the first place of worship I recall was within the temple square, in the southeast corner, where a large bowery was erected. Here I remember first the 4th and 24th of July celebrations, on this temple block corner, under the bowery.

The first tabernacle or assembly hall of any pretensions at all, in Salt Lake City, was erected in the southwest corner of the temple block. Here the old tabernacle stood, north and south, and the doors opened north and south. Later on, doors were cut through the center of the building, and the interior was greatly changed. The stand, first built in one end of the building, was removed to the center of the west side of the building. Up to 1854, this was the only meetinghouse that I remember having seen in the Church. Of course, other meetinghouses had been built in different parts of the territory. And I want to say here, in order that it may be remembered by the children and young people, that as soon as our people began to gather into these mountain valleys, their first effort, whenever they settled in any part of the country, was extended towards the building of accommodation houses that could be used at once for educational and religious purposes. They

prepared to fit out these houses as speedily as possibly, and they were completed with the combined object of serving for educational instruction and religious worship, for our religion and our education ran hand in hand throughout all the formation of our settlements.

In 1849, president Young began to counsel the people to form settlements in the north as far as Ogden, and in the south to Lehi, Provo and Manti and intermediate points. A little settlement, Summit, on the dividing line between Utah and Juab counties, was started, and there a few of our people laid the foundations of a village now called Santaquin. Towns were laid out at American Fork, Pleasant Grove, Springville and Spanish Fork. The next settlements were projected some two or three hundred miles south in Iron county, and there, within the stockade built to protect the settlers from Indians, a bowery was erected where school was taught and the gospel preached to the children and people who gathered there.

The history of our public buildings in all the early settlements is told in the case of these pioneer villages: first the bowery, then the log hut with dirt roof, and then the adobe structures. Most of these have now disappeared, or are disappearing, and today we worship in comfortable stone or brick palaces.

There is an infatuation at present for building meetinghouses everywhere in the Church. Never before, it seems, was there a time when there was so much thought and talk of building as at present. Day after day appeals come to the First Presidency asking the Trustee-in-trust for help. There are some two hundred wards in the Church without meetinghouses, while three hundred more are now building. We wish that the Trustee-in-trust had means enough to erect all these houses of worship, but he hasn't, and yet the presidency are doing the very best they can, giving in justice and economy, and with impartiality, in accordance with their best judgment, to those who stand in need.

But the thought I wish to emphasize is this, and I do it that the young people particularly may reflect upon the spirit that should characterize our lives and worship. Our fathers and mothers sat in the rain to listen to the Prophet Joseph in the open air in Nauvoo; in Winter Quarters, amid the tumult of

uncertainty and flight, heard the voice of Brigham Young in the open, in sod houses or under shady bowers; and upon the temple block in the Great American Desert, wayworn and weary, listened to the prophets expounded by Orson Pratt, and other leading elders: while in other new settlements the people paid their simple devotions to the Most High in log houses and boweries;—but let it be remembered forever, in it all they possessed palatial faith and integrity.

Now that we sit in the midst of prosperity and plenty, granted to us through the bounteous blessings of Almighty God, in comfortable chairs, in palaces lighted by the press of the electric button, with sweet instruments of music to greet our ears, let it not be said that in our worship nor in our lives, we have in the slightest lost the humility, devotion, faith and integrity of the fathers.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

Gathering of the Jews.

The gathering of the Jews into the Holy Land is a work not only of great importance but of living interest. It is evident, from a special cable to the *New York Times*, printed on the 16th of January this year, that the new constitutional regime in Turkey has caused an influx of Jews from Russia, Persia, and elsewhere. Colonies are spreading through the plains of Esdraelon, and their modern methods of agriculture are greatly increasing the productions of the earth. This movement is one of the signs of the latter-days. The IMPROVEMENT ERA is indebted to Elder J. T. Smellie, of New York, for a copy of the *Times* containing the following cablegram from London:

Letters from Jerusalem say that the proclamation of the Constitution in Turkey has thrown open the doors of Palestine to the incoming of Jews from all parts of the world. In Jerusalem alone four-fifths of the population of one hundred thousand now belong to the Jewish faith, while at Jaffa, Tiberias, Safed, and Haifa Jews are reckoned by tens of thousands.

Almost the whole extensive plane of Esdraelon has been bought up by them. Their prosperous colonies spread from Dan to Beersheba, and

even further south to the outskirts of Egypt. Thousands are escaping from Persia to find shelter and protection in the Holy Land, while every ship from Odessa carries hundreds of them.

The valley of the Jordan, once the property of the ex-Sultan Abdul Hamid, is being eagerly sought after by Jewish capitalists and syndicates of Zionists, whose agents, distributed all over the land, are buying up rich properties of Mohammedan offenders whose incomes since the revolution are considerably lessened.

The Holy City is essentially a Jewish town. Banking, as well as trade and commerce, is monopolized by Jews. The government has found it necessary to organize a company of Jewish gendarmes. Hundreds of thousands of pounds are sent annually from Europe and America to enable the colonists to build homes, hospitals, schools and invalid homes. Over one hundred Jewish schools already exist in Jerusalem alone, and synagogues are going up everywhere.

The value of land has risen fourfold. The ignorant and poverty-stricken fellaheen are being ousted from their homes and villages by the sharp European Jewish settler, whose modern agricultural implements and methods have made the land produce harvests never before dreamed of by the natives. The Anglo-Palestine Company, a Zionist banking and commercial enterprise, is pushing the cause of Israel with great determination.

The racial exclusiveness of the Jews and their clannish proclivities are arousing the opposition of the Ottomans, and the Turkish constitutional regime has in this question one of the greatest problems that a new and patriotic government ever faced.

Messages from the Missions.

On Sunday, April 23, Sister Phebe A. Daybell, wife of Elder George W. Daybell, at that time doing missionary work in England, died. She was the mother of four children, and was an enthusiastic Church worker, being secretary for the Relief Society at the time of her death. The funeral was held at Charleston, Wasatch county, Utah, April 26. Elder Daybell was cabled for, and left England for home on April 30.

President Andrew Jenson, writing from Copenhagen, March 28, says: "We have just had a splendid conference in this city. Every seat in

our spacious hall was occupied last night. Twenty-three elders from Zion were present; seventy-one were reported baptized in this conference during the last six months, which is a greater number than ever before in this conference during the same length of time, for the past thirty years. All are well at mission headquarters. We rejoice over the glorious results of our labors, and all the elders join me in sending greetings to the First Presidency of the Church and the Saints in Zion."

Elder Alma O. Taylor returned on April 26, from Japan, where he



ALMA O. TAYLOR.



FRED A. CAINE.

labored for about nine years, presiding most of the time over the Japanese mission. He translated the Book of Mormon into the Japanese language and published it. Elder Fred A. Caine, a grandson of Hon. John T. Caine, also returned on the same date, after eight years of missionary work, during which time he assisted in the translation and publication of the Book of Mormon and Anderson's *Brief History of the Church*. Both of these books are selling well, and more than one thousand copies of the first edition of the Book of Mormon have been disposed of since its publication a few months ago. Elder Caine left home June 26, 1902; and Elder Taylor July 24, 1901. Both have acquired the language about as perfectly as it is possible for foreigners to do, and they have performed a wonderful literary work by the help of the Lord. The gospel seed has been planted in a new soil, and whatever the harvest, the names of these young men will always be honored for the part they have taken, and for the many years of labor they have spent, in seeking to found God's "marvelous work and a wonder" in the Japanese nation. The ERA extends to them a hearty welcome home.



ELDERS OF PENNSYLVANIA AND MARYLAND CONFERENCES.

Austin P. Miller, President East Pennsylvania Conference; W. J. Lewis;
W. R. Dredge, former President, now released to return home;
Jos. A. Wagstaff, Jr., President of the Maryland Conference.

Elder Austin P. Miller, writing the ERA from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, shows why young men should be interested in Mutual Improvement work, and in the choice of first class companions. There are many in the world who live immoral lives, and he cautions the young men of the Church to choose pure companions, and suggests that one of the best places to find them is in the Mutual Improvement associations. In early youth is the time to comply with the splendid law of purity, and the word of wisdom as contained in section 89 of the Doctrine and Covenants. The thing to do is to acquire good habits in youth, when the bad habits easily shrink from before the good. The keynote to purity is to keep busy, for it has well been said that "an idle mind is the devil's workshop." The M. I. A. organizations give one opportunity to keep physically pure, to study good books, gain knowledge, and to prepare for the mental and religious work which must eventually rest upon all the young people of Zion. Elder Miller has been appointed to preside in Philadelphia, after spending ten months in Massachusetts, in place of Elder W. R. Dredge, released to return home. More workers are needed in that field, and especially young men of learning and character, who can say no when the time comes, and yes, when that is for the best. Thirteen elders are laboring in East Pennsylvania and ten in Maryland,

at present. Elder Miller has charge of the East Pennsylvania Conference at the present time, and Elder Joseph A. Wagstaff, of the Maryland Conference. Several Sunday schools are organized, and two Mutual Improvement associations. Many homes are open for cottage meetings and the elders have more calls than they can reasonably fill. They are meeting with excellent success in tracting and holding open air meetings. Portraits of four elders of the conferences are given herewith.

The *Rutland Evening News* of Rutland, Vermont, contains a favorable editorial notice of a stereopticon lecture on "Mormonism" given under the auspices of the Rutland Teachers' Association, at the High School assembly room, March 18, by Henry White, of New York, to a large audience. Mr. White, it will be remembered, spent some time in Salt Lake City, and became thoroughly familiar with the Latter-day Saints and their institutions. The paper states that he gave a most interesting as well as instructive lecture on "Mormonism" and on the present day conditions in Salt Lake City, and concludes: "It was evident that he had given the subject thorough and impartial investigation, and the subject matter of his lecture was not only new to his hearers, but of great interest. The pictures thrown on the screen were first-class in every respect, consisting of views of Utah scenery, public buildings in Salt Lake City, and 'Mormon' leaders and their families. Mr. White was introduced by United States Marshal Horace W. Bailey."

Elder Christian I. Jensen, of Manassa, Colorado, who registered at the Central States Mission office, October 23, 1909, and labored in Arkansas, disappeared from Little Rock, January 24, last. All efforts to find him were futile, but recently his body was recovered from the Arkansas river, and many conditions lead to the conclusion that the young missionary was sandbagged, and his body thrown into the river, though the whole matter is shrouded in mystery that may never be solved. Bishop Christen Jensen, father of the young man, made every effort, for six weeks, as soon as the news of the young man's disappearance reached him, with the assistance of President S. O. Bennion and the elders, and the police, detectives, fishermen, etc., to get trace of the missing man, but with no success until April 17, when a negro boy found the body, in a fair state of preservation, floating in the river, eight miles below Little Rock. The body was recovered and laid to rest on the 23rd of April, in the Manassa cemetery. The speakers at the funeral were President Samuel O. Bennion, of the Central States mission, Elder Joseph F. Smith, Jr., of the Council of Twelve, and President E. S. Christensen.



CONFERENCE PRESIDENTS OF THE WESTERN STATES MISSION, TAKEN JANUARY 17, AT DENVER, COLORADO.

There are 2,065 in the mission field of the world very much like them. They help the work of the Lord to prosper. Top row, reading from left to right: George H. Watts, (retiring) North Colorado; Lewis W. Freer, Pueblo; William H. Lynn, West Colorado; Alonzo Lamb, North Colorado; Alfred J. Atkinson, Pueblo Branch. Lower row: Adam Sharp, Dakota; T. Ross Wilson, Mission secretary; John L. Herrick, Mission President; Asa S. Draper, Denver; Seth W. Ballard, Nebraska.

Elder Nephi Pratt, for a number of years president of the Northwestern States Mission, and for several years a clerk in the business department of the IMPROVEMENT ERA, died April 22, 1910, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. W. C. Morris, in Spokane, Washington. He was a son of Parley P. Pratt, one of the founders of the Church, and was born in Nauvoo, Illinois, sixty-five years ago. With his parents he came to Salt Lake in 1849. He filled a mission to England and Wales some thirty years ago, and during his whole life was an energetic and able missionary, a genial companion, faithful and devoted, with a spiritual nature that was an inspiration to all with whom he came in contact. His body was brought to Salt Lake City for burial, and President Joseph F. Smith and leading Church members spoke at the funeral services.

Elder Louis Edgar Miller died in April, while in the mission field in Chicago. Solemn and impressive funeral services were held over his remains at the Riverton ward, Utah, meetinghouse, on the 14th of April. He was an exceptionally faithful missionary, and his home life was model. He was exemplary, industrious, sober, progressive, honest and trustworthy. He was twenty-eight years of age, and unmarried. His parents are Charles E. and Christina Miller. He had two brothers and four sisters.



ELDERS OF ELDORADO, ARKANSAS.

Top row: H. M. Bishop, Inkom; Riley G. Judd, Burley, Idaho.

Bottom row: Jas. W. Brown, (Conference President)

American Fork; A. W. Garfield, Garland, Utah.

Priesthood Quorums' Table.

Class Methods.—A class teacher enquires: “Are we to take up, in class, the subject matter of the Manual lessons before the review questions?”

That will depend very largely on whether your class members are thoroughly prepared. If they have studied the lesson, the references and the notes, until they are familiar with all the points, then it would, perhaps, be well to take up the review questions of the lesson first, bringing forth such points as are not thoroughly understood by the members. Let it be remembered that the review questions are prepared for convenience, and not to be followed too closely. Other questions should also be asked and considered by the class.

However, if class members are not prepared, or have poorly studied the lessons, then it may be well to occupy a part of the time in actual study of the lessons, in the class, and later take up the review, and such questions as may arise in the class. The ideal way, it seems to us, is to require all the members of the class to prepare their lessons at home, then in the class give time to ask such questions as are not clearly understood by them, and have these treated first, and afterwards any question that the teacher may wish to present.

Who Holds the Keys of the Priesthood?—“We did not get the same understanding with reference to the keys of the priesthood in studying lesson 7 of the high priests’ manual. Some understand that the president of the Church alone holds the keys of the priesthood, while other brethren understand that while the president of the Church holds all the keys of the priesthood, still the quorum of apostles, first seven presidents of seventy, patriarchs, the presiding bishops, presidents of stakes, bishops of wards and presidents of quorums and others hold the keys under and through him, and perform and do all that is necessary to successfully accomplish what the Lord requires in these various subdivisions of his Church. Which is correct?”

The power and authority of the higher or Melchizedek Priesthood is to hold the right of presidency, with power and authority over all the offices in the Church in all ages of the world, to administer in spiritual things.⁵ The presidency of the high priesthood have a right to officiate in all the offices of the Church (Doc. and Cov. 107: 8, 9).

It is ordained that "three presiding high priests, chosen by the body, appointed and ordained to that office, and upheld by the confidence, faith and prayer of the Church, form a quorum of the presidency of the Church" (Doc. and Cov. 107: 22). Over this quorum, as the head, stands the president of the Church. He holds the keys of the Melchizedek Priesthood, and has power to delegate authority to all other officers in the Church, who thus receive power under and through him to perform and do all that is necessary to accomplish what the Lord desires in the various subdivisions of his Church (Doc. and Cov. 68: 19-23; 107: 64-68; 76-84). "The keys of the kingdom belongeth always unto the presidency of the high priesthood" (Doc. and Cov. 81: 2). It is the duty of the president of the high priesthood to preside over the whole Church and to be like unto Moses, to be a seer, a revelator, a translator and a prophet, having all the gifts of God, which he bestows upon the head of the Church (Doc. and Cov. 107: 91-2).

While the patriarch of the Church holds the keys of the sealing blessings of the Church (sec. 124: 92, 3), and the twelve hold the keys to open up the authority of the kingdom of God to the four corners of the earth, and to send the word of God to every creature, and other officers hold other keys (sec. 124: 123-128), still, it must be recognized that the keys of presidency over the high priesthood and all its officers, and to be a translator, revelator, seer and prophet, are held and belong solely to the president of the Church, under whose direction all the officers of the Church work and perform their ecclesiastical duties.

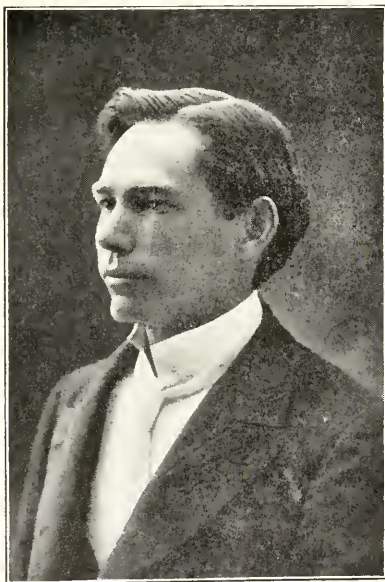
Beginning of the Aaronic Priesthood.—"Did the Lesser Priesthood (or the priesthood known to us as the Aaronic or Levitical) have a beginning with Aaron? This idea seems to be carried out in the two lessons, 8 and 9, of the high priests' manual."

The answer to the question must necessarily be "no." The Aaronic Priesthood is but an appendage to the Melchizedek Priesthood, or a part of it, a separate function, whose particular mission is to precede the Melchizedek, or to prepare the way for its dispensations upon the earth. Priesthood is the agency of God, and therefore is eternal, without beginning of days or end of years, and as the lesser, Aaronic, Levitical or preparatory priesthood, partakes of the nature of the higher priesthood, it must necessarily be eternal, though it may be called by different names under different dispensations. So that, while the Lesser Priesthood was first called the Aaronic Priesthood in the days of Aaron, for we have no knowledge of its having been known by that name before that time, undoubtedly the authority, and perhaps the exercise, of that priesthood had always existed and did not begin with Aaron.

Mutual Work.

Secretary and Instructor Deseret Gymnasium.

Professor B. S. Hinckley, of the Business College of the Latter-day Saints' University, was appointed secretary of the Deseret Gymnasium by the Board of Control, on April 21. Professor Hinckley not only enters



BRIANT S. HINCKLEY,
Secretary Deseret Gymnasium.

tains deep sympathy for the boys, but is greatly interested in athletics, and no better selection could have been made for this important office. He has been connected with the Latter-day Saints' University for a number of years. He was born at Coalville, Summit county, Utah, July 9, 1867, and later moved south to Millard county, where the family resided for thirteen years. He entered the Brigham Young Academy, Provo, in 1884, graduating in 1889. In 1892 he graduated at the Eastman National College of Poughkeepsie, New York. Leaving the Brigham Young Academy, which he entered as teacher in 1893, he accepted the principalship of the Salt Lake Business College on the 5th of March, 1900. He has

been a member of the General Board Y. M. M. I. A. for a number of years, and taken an active part in the educational development of the young people. Some years ago he was made counselor to President Hugh J. Cannon, of the Liberty stake, and is an indefatigable Church worker.

As Professor Hinckley's assistant instructor in the Deseret Gymnasium, R. W. Richardson, late assistant physical director at the University of Utah, has been engaged. He will have charge of the classes on the floor of the big gymnasium. For the past three years he has been engaged in the work of physical education, having served at the Y. M. C. A., and the University of Utah. He also had charge of the gymnasium work in the Rexburg Academy, Idaho, a year ago, and has served in athletic work at the Blackfoot high school. It is announced that the gymnasium will be opened July 21, but the date may be postponed till fall.

Juarez M. I. A. in Championship Contest.

On the 18th and 19th of March the basket ball teams of the Southwest met in El Paso, Texas, at the Y. M. C. A. building, to contest for the championship of the southwest. Among the players was the M. I. A. team from Colonia Juarez. On the 18th, the Y. M. C. A. won from the high school by a score of 17 to 16; Colonia Juarez won from the El Paso Military Institute 65 to 8; the high school won from the Military Institute by a score of 32 to 25; and the Bisbee high school won from the New Mexico College, 25 to 15. Large crowds attended and El Paso was in the throes of a basket ball fever.

On the 19th the Bisbee high school defeated the M. I. A. of Colonia Juarez by a score of 19 to 15, and by this won the championship of the southwest and the basket ball trophy. The M. I. A. of Colonia Juarez had already defeated the Y. M. C. A. by a score of 28 to 26, and thereby took second place, and undoubtedly would have taken first place if they had not had to contest with the others immediately after their contest with the Y. M. C. A. The Y. M. C. A. defeated the El Paso high school by a score of 27 to 24, for third place. The final contest between the Bisbee high school and the M. I. A. of Colonia Juarez, was the fastest and most sensational game ever seen in the city. Great enthusiasm marked the play of the three games which made up the evening's program. The contest between the Bisbee and M. I. A. of Colonia Juarez created such enthusiasm as is seldom seen in this game. The M. I. A. had only six men, and one of these was put out of commission, so that they were compelled to play with five men, whereas the other teams had several more to choose from, in making up their players. The grit of the M. I. A. boys was the general topic of conversation, and it was said, by an observer, that he had never seen such endurance in young men. Their friends attributed it to the exercise which they obtained on the farms, but their parents believe that it is due to their clean lives

and the observance of the Word of Wisdom. On their return to Colonia Juarez they received an enthusiastic reception from their friends, who tendered them a banquet and sang songs in their honor. In El Paso they were well treated. Ernest Hatch was the coach of the team, and these were in the line up: Skousen, L. Taylor, Richardson, Canover, and H. Taylor.

Outline of Program for Meetings of Annual Conference.

The first Y. M. M. I. A. meeting will be held at 10 a. m. June 4, and the following are the main points in the program:

1. Efficient stake supervision, officers' meetings, teachers, spirit and work—Douglas M. Todd.
 2. Music in the Associations—Oscar A. Kirkham.
 3. A Debate by two young men, conducted as a sample of Debates in the associations—Dr. John A. Widtsoe.
 4. Athletics, including co-operation, campus, equipment, rules, and qualifications of contestants—Lyman R. Martineau.
- 2 P. M.—1. Manuals and Getting Manual Lessons—Prof. John H. Evans.
2. Story-telling Contests, Orations and Lectures—Joseph F. Smith, Jr.
 3. Reading Course—Dr. George H. Brimhall.
 4. Statistical Reports, Accounts, ERA, Fund, Secretaries—Secretary Moroni Snow.

Music will be interspersed, and there will be time for pertinent questions and discussion. Come prepared.

Saturday evening a special and important meeting of stake superintendents and presidents of stakes with the General Board will be held.

On Sunday morning there will be a conjoint officers' meeting to consider conjoint work; Debates will be considered by Dr. John A. Widtsoe; Music by Oscar A. Kirkham; Drama by Alice Tuddenham; Reading and Story-Telling, Emma Goddard. Speeches, limited to from five to ten minutes, with discussions and questions after each subject. Miscellaneous.

At 2 and 7 p. m. general conjoint meetings will be held in the Tabernacle. President Joseph F. Smith and President Martha H. Tingey will speak at the afternoon meeting. At the evening meeting Dr. George H. Brimhall will speak on "Be ye Clean." There will be good music and singing at all the meetings. On Friday evening a reception to officers, holding tickets, with social entertainment and light refreshments, will be given in the Bishop's Building.

Passing Events.

Elder Rudger Clawson, recently called to preside over the European Mission, was for some years president of the Box Elder stake of Zion. He won the hearts of the people. President Oleen N. Stohl recently invited Elder Clawson and his family to visit Brigham City, which invitation they accepted, and on the 30th of April, at 4 o'clock, a banquet was held in their honor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Anderson, where about seventy of their former neighbors and friends were present in their honor. On the same evening a social was held in the stake tabernacle, which was beautifully decorated, and to which all were invited. A part of the program consisted in the presentation to Elder Clawson of a beautiful gold watch, which was handed him by Bishop Lorenzo Stohl, in behalf of the people assembled. The inscription reads, "Rudger Clawson, from your Brigham City friends, April 30, 1910." Elder Clawson was greatly affected, and in a happy speech thanked the people for the honor shown him. Elder Clawson left for Liverpool May 16. The ERA wishes him inspiration, success and happiness in his new and responsible calling.

Ex-President Roosevelt gave a talk on peace before the Nobel prize committee, members of royalty, and other personages distinguished in the political, educational and social life of Norway, on the occasion of his visit there, May 5. It will be remembered that he received the Nobel prize, in 1906, in recognition of his services in bringing to a conclusion the Russo-Japanese war. He said, among other things:

"Peace is generally good in itself, but it is never the highest good unless it comes as the handmaid of righteousness; and it becomes a very evil thing if it serves merely as a mask for cowardice and sloth, or as an instrument to further the ends of despotism or anarchy. We despise and abhor the bully, the brawler, the oppressor, whether in private or public life; but despise no less the coward and the voluptuary. No man is worth calling a man who will not fight rather than submit to infamy or see those that are dear to him suffer wrong. No nation deserves to

exist if it permits itself to lose the stern and virile virtues; and this without regard to whether the loss is due to the growth of a heartless and all absorbing commercialism, to prolonged indulgence in luxury and soft, effortless ease, or to the deification of a warped and twisted sentimentality.

"Moreover, and above all, let us remember that words count only when they give expression to deeds, or are to be translated into them. The leaders of the Red Terror prattled of peace, while they steeped their hands in the blood of the innocent; and many a tyrant has called it peace when he has scourged honest protest into silence. Our words must be judged by our deeds; and in striving for a lofty ideal we must use practical methods; and if we cannot attain all at one leap, we must advance towards it step by step, reasonably content so long as we do actually make some progress in the right direction."

The Roosevelt Dam will be completed this month, and the project, it is announced, will be formally opened next fall. There is a movement in Arizona to have former President Roosevelt open the project on the 27th of October, his birthday. This is the greatest reclamation enterprise undertaken by the government, and when completed will cost \$8,640,000. It will irrigate 240,000 acres of land in the Salt River Valley, and the fertility of the desert and the general conditions of climate are of such a character that it is estimated by expert agriculturists that the crops of a single season will return enough to repay the entire investment of the government. The reservoir created by the dam is the largest artificial body of water in the world. The dam is 280 feet high, 180 feet long on top, and contains 326,000 cubic yards of masonry. Reference to the dam, with pictures thereof, are found in the January, 1909, number of the ERA, page 201-12.

"Mark Twain," Samuel Langhorne Clemens, the greatest American humorist, died at Redding, Con., April 21. He was born in Florida, Monroe Co., Missouri, November 30, 1835, and three years thereafter the family moved to Hannibal on the Mississippi. In 1851 he learned the business of pilot on the Mississippi. He became a tramp printer, went to the mines in Nevada, where he first experienced the western spirit, and was a local editor of a newspaper in Virginia City, in 1862. Later he reported on the papers in San Francisco, and in 1866 visited the Sandwich Islands. He again entered the newspaper business in Buffalo, and finally settled in Hartford, Conn. His leading works are: *Roughing It*, *The Jumping Frog* (1866); *Innocence Abroad* (1869); *Tom Sawyer* (1876); *A Tramp Abroad* (1880); *The Prince and the Pauper* (1882); *Life on the Mississippi* (1883); *Huckleberry Finn* (1885); *A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur* (1889); *The American*

Claimant (1892); *The £1,000,000 Bank Note* (1893); *Pudd'nhead Wilson* (1894); *Tom Sawyer Abroad* (1894); *Joan of Arc* (1896); *More Tramps Abroad* (1897); *The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg* (1900); *Christian Science* (1907). In 1894 he lost his fortune in a printing establishment and later made a tour of the world, giving lectures and readings, and in this way he earned enough to pay the full claims of his creditors, and himself a handsome balance. Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton, paid this personal tribute to "Mark Twain:"

All the world knows that in Mark Twain it has lost a delightful humorist, a man able to interpret human life with a flavor all his own; but only those who had the privilege of knowing him personally can feel the loss to the full—the loss of a man of high and lovely character, a friend quick to excite and give affection; a citizen of the world, who loved every wholesome adventure of the mind or heart; an American who spoke much of the spirit of America in speaking his native thoughts.

Bjornstjerne Bjornson. "the Victor Hugo of the North," as he was called years ago by a French writer, died in Paris, April 26, 1910.



Bjornstjerne Bjornson.

He was also called, by the Norwegians, "the uncrowned king of Norway," because of his strong efforts put forth for the absolute freedom of his country. He was born December 8, 1832, in Kirkne, Hedemarken, in the wild and lonely Dovre, some short distance south of Trondhjem. From the rugged nature of his early home he imbibed the leading characteristics of his life. His passing takes from Norway the last of her triad of grand old men—Grieg, Ibsen, Bjornson. The second died in May, 1906. Bjornson was a play-writer and a journalist in early days, and later a politician and social reformer, which brought his writings prominently before the general public. But he was a Norwegian first, and he championed first and foremost the race, genius and tongue of Norway against the persistent encroachments of the Danes, Germans and Swedes. Once he advocated that Norway become an independent republic, but in 1905 he favored the election of a king as the best scheme of government for Norway. His many novels, dramas, plays, songs and miscellaneous writings are full of grandeur, beauty and charm. Many of his fatherland songs have become national songs. One of the fascinations of his writings is the moral force in his woman characters, and his charming insight into woman's life, and much of this was due to the wise influence of his faith-

ful and loveable wife, Carolina Bjornson, who for years acted as his secretary.

A Correction.—In the sentiment by Elder B. F. Grant, on page 626, May number of the ERA, a typographical error appears. In the remarks attributed to President Winder it reads: "I am dying," and it should read: "I am thine."

King Edward VII of England died at his palace in London, May 6 On the afternoon of the day of his death, during a waking interval, and when he was critically ill, he said: "Well, it is all over, but I think I have done my duty." He was born in Buckingham palace, November 9, 1841, and baptized as Albert Edward. On the following 14th of December, as heir-apparent, he was created Prince of Wales. He received his education at the Universities of Edinburg, Oxford and Cambridge. In 1860 he went to Canada, and by special invitation of President Buchanan visited the United States, where he received a cordial reception. In 1862



King Edward VII.

he was promoted to the rank of general, and in the spring of that year visited Egypt, Palestine, Syria and Athens. In 1863 he took his seat in the House of Lords, and on the 10th of March of that year was married to Princess Alexandra the eldest daughter of the King of Denmark. In 1875 he visited India, and in 1885, with the princess, made an extended trip through Ireland. When Queen Victoria, his mother, died, January 22, 1901, he became King of Great Britain and Ireland and Emperor of India, and chose to be known as Edward VII. He was a tactful, genial and amiable character, and made a much better king than it was generally conceded he would make, prior to the death of his mother. He was very fond of sport, but after he became king he settled down to his duties and performed them to the great satisfaction of his people.

His eldest son, Albert Victor, died January 14, 1892, and on the morning of the 9th of May, 1910, his second son, George Frederick Ernest Albert, born June 3, 1865, was publicly proclaimed King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the British dominions beyond the seas, defender of the faith and Emperor of India, from the friary court balcony of St James palace, with all the pomp of mediæval custom. He chose to be called George V.

David Josiah Brewer, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, appointed in 1889, died suddenly at Washington, March 28, aged nearly seventy-three. He was the son of missionaries, and was born at Smyrna. He served as Judge of the Supreme Court of Kansas, 1870-1884, and Judge of the U. S. Circuit Court, 1884-9. He was more widely known to the people of the United States than any other member of the Supreme Court, due partly to his popularity as a public speaker on topics of wide interest, and to his deep religious convictions which supplied the occasion of many of his public addresses, and were known and respected everywhere. On April 25, President Taft appointed Governor Charles E. Hughes, of New York to succeed Justice Brewer. The Governor accepted the appointment, was later confirmed by the Senate, and will enter upon his duties October 10. Of the new Judge it is said, "He was taken from the state to enrich the nation."

Professor H. V. Hilprecht reported, on March 18, at Philadelphia, at a gathering of friends of the University of Pennsylvania, at the home of Provost Harrison, his discovery of a fragment of cuneiform tablet believed to be of the period of 2,100 years before Christ, and bearing an account of the deluge, described in the Bible, and agreeing with the narrative of Genesis. The fragment which has just been deciphered, says the account, was one of those excavated from the lowest stratum of the oldest part of the ruins of the temple library of Nippur, and was brought here by the expedition sent out by the University of Pennsylvania in 1899. It is of unbaked clay and measures $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches at its greatest length and $2\frac{3}{8}$ inches at its greatest width. As translated by Professor Hilprecht, the narrative contained on the tablet follows:

(I declare unto thee) that confess of heaven I will loosen, a deluge I will make, and it shall sweep away all men together; but thou (the Babylonian Noah) seek life before the deluge cometh forth: for to all living beings, as many as there are, I will bring overthrow, destruction, annihilation . . . build a great ship and . . . total height shall be its structure. It shall be a houseboat carrying what has been saved of life. . . . With a strong deck cover it. The ship which thou shalt make, into it bring the beasts of the field, the birds of heaven and the creeping things, two of everything instead of a number . . . and the family . . .

The oldest tablet heretofore known containing an account of the flood is the "Layard deluge tablet," now in the British museum, but the latter only dated from 650 B. C.

The "Layard tablet" agrees with the details of the biblical narrative in only a few particulars.

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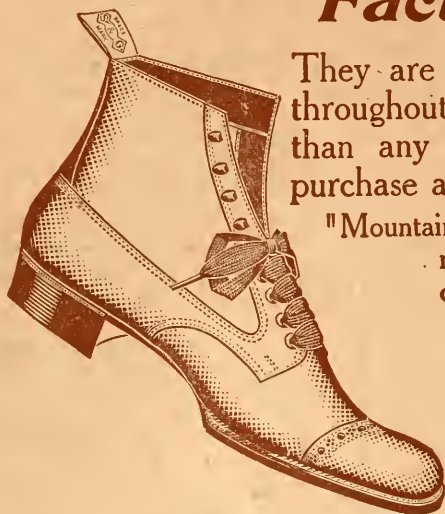
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